

The

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

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## Notes of the Week

I quote from the *Evening News* of February 13:

**"If the Government does not mean business our shipowners may well resign themselves to ruin exactly as the Lancashire cotton trade is resigning itself to ruin."**

Why?

What would be much more to the point is for England to say: "We refuse to be ruined by two men, one who is a Socialist and one who called for a revolution during the war, and the other who calls himself the leader of the Conservative Party and has never passed a Conservative measure."

Sack the lot! Is there no courage left in this country? Is everyone a coward excepting me?

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I also quote the same paper, which says:

**"A magical recovery would come with the knowledge that the India Bill had been dropped."**

I entirely disagree with this. No magical recovery can ever come to this Government, because it is, and has been from the first moment it called itself "National," international and naturally, as I have always pointed out, is bound to be a dead failure because its foundation was built upon a lie. For the name of all those who voted for it was Conservative.

LUCY HOUSTON.

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We think it would be interesting to know from a Parliamentary expert in the Law of Constitutional Government if it is Legal for men who happen to be either Prime Minister or in a lesser position in the Government to give away the Empire or any part of the Empire entirely against, we will even

say, a very considerable minority of the people of England.

We should be pleased to pay expenses of any Council to answer this important question.

Has any Parliamentary lawyer the knowledge and the courage to do this? R.S.V.P.

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### Garvin Chides Baldwin

That candid friend of the Government, Mr. J. L. Garvin, in *The Observer* last Sunday admitted that, had it not been a large number of Liberals voted "National," the official candidate, Mr. Platt, would have come out third on the list at Wavertree, below Randolph Churchill. True, Mr. Garvin, (who is for surrender in India) called the election a "scandalous scuffle," instead of the scandalous scuttle it would have been had Wavertree been unchallenged by Conservatism. He also talked about "clap-trap" on India, but none the less he finds it necessary to ask Mr. Baldwin what he proposes to do about the revolt against the Government and all its works. He counsels him to reconstruct at once, and says his main object should be a sufficient force of appeal to the country. He requires (he says) a greater programme for the Empire as well as the country, and the recovery of public confidence by sheer national leadership. The Prime Minister and Mr. Baldwin have to look at the disagreeable facts fairly in the face, and finally—showing utter bankruptcy of resources in the "National" Party—he advocates the inclusion of Mr. Lloyd George in the Cabinet.

Mr. Lloyd George, in any case, would definitely wreck the "National" Government at once, so far as Tories go. Mr. Baldwin has brought it to the verge of ruin by foisting on Conservatives that International Socialist, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It is impossible to calculate the terrible damage Mr. Baldwin has wrought by his ill-advised idea of trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,

but to attempt this trick twice would promptly bring him the retribution he so richly deserves.

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### The Empire for Sale

Somebody had the happy idea of making use of the Notice we published in our issue of December 29th last concerning the "Public Auction of that highly desirable inheritance known as the British Empire" and adapting it as a three feet by two poster for the adornment of the Commons' smoking-room. Members coming into the smoking-room after the final division on the India Bill debate found themselves confronted with this poster doubtless intended for the purpose of giving the Government something to think about.

But that was perhaps being too optimistic. For surely no one who had not already surrendered all powers of independent thought could possibly support a Government measure that is so entirely illogical and is so wholly grounded on irrational sentiment as is this White Paper scheme foisted on the Conservative Party by MacDonald cunning and Baldwin indolence? Though the Joint Select Committee took the trouble to emphasise that the Government of India Act of 1919 contained the only real "pledge" to India, Mr. Baldwin, one notices, goes on repeating his parrot-cry of "giving effect to pledges," secure in the knowledge, so it would seem, that any argument is good enough for the House as it is at present constituted.

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### Squaring the Circle

If anyone had any doubt as to the hopeless confusion in which the Government mind works on the subject of Indian reform, the recent three days' debate in the Commons must have been singularly illuminating. The Attorney-General is supposed to be a lawyer, and lawyers are usually credited with the ability to employ precise language. But could anything be more ludicrous and less precise than the explanations Sir Thomas Inskip offered regarding the significance of the term "Dominion Status" when applied to India?

This term, he said, could not possibly be inserted in the Preamble of the India Bill because its inclusion there would have involved "a series of lawyers' wrangles as to whether it was Dominion Status of 1935 or Dominion Status of any other year in which the question was arising."

Yet, when asked what was the Dominion Status, which Sir Samuel Hoare had pledged this country to recognise as the political goal for India, all Sir Thomas could say was, "It is Dominion Status *both before and after* the Statute of Westminster, for it is idle to contend that the Statute altered Dominion Status at all."

In other words, it would be the height of absurdity to tag "Dominion Status" on to the front of the Bill, but you could and *ought* to add it as

a sort of appendix! That apparently gives it some kind of significance—in a purely Inskipian sense, of course!

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### The B.B.C. Again

The B.B.C. report of Monday's debate on the India Bill appeared to journalists accustomed to the work of Parliamentary sketch-writing singularly disingenuous to the point of absurdity. The speaker who said that he had been present at the debate assured the world that he had had his heart-strings wrung by the eloquence of the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip. Now Sir Thomas is no doubt a worthy man and a good lawyer, but eloquence is as foreign to his style of eloquence as grace to an elephant. He was handicapped also by his position. The Government had decided that they would on no account give a definition of Dominion Status, and, if as is possible though improbable, the Attorney-General knew what that definition was, all his oratorical efforts were confined to "galumphing" round and round that awkward question.

Not without subtlety the B.B.C. speaker managed to damn Mr. Winston Churchill with faint praise. The House filled up to hear him, but something was lacking; his hand had lost its cunning and so on. In point of fact Mr. Churchill made a very fine speech, as Kim points out elsewhere, all the more effective, because it disdained those more flashy oratorical effects of which on occasion Mr. Churchill is a past master. Previously the B.B.C. had been at the same game. A remarkable speech against the India Bill by Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter was completely ignored, while prominence was given to a dreary Governmental effusion from Earl Winterton.

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### What is He Paid For?

Has it ever before occurred in the history of our Parliament that a Prime Minister questioned on a matter of real importance has replied that "he only knew about it when he opened his newspaper" and that he had been "trying all morning to get in touch with the Department" concerned. Yet such was the answer airily given by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, when he was asked whether the arrangement made with the Sheffield City Council for the immediate payment of unemployment relief on the interim rates was to be made universal. What on earth is the man paid for? His whole Government was made ridiculous by carrying a Bill of which the provisions were suspended the instant they were put into force. Our Premier seems to regard that as something quite normal and wastes a morning in trying to get in touch with the Department concerned and failing to do so! Even his supporters murmur "lack of cohesion, lack of decision and lack of calm." Swollen-headed incompetency would be a more expressive phrase.

### Hansard Censored?

The historian who complains that the Official Report of the Parliamentary Debate of Monday January 28 last omits a number of phrases used by Mr. George Buchanan about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has our entire sympathy. The Official Report is supposed to be a historical document. Unofficial reports—they have not been and are not likely to be contradicted—state that *inter alia* Mr. Buchanan described the Prime Minister as "a swine, a low, dirty cur, who ought to be flung out of public life and horsewhipped out of it." This disobliging description as well as sundry other uncomplimentary remarks do not appear at all in the Official Report. They have apparently been censored. But the question arises, "Who exercises this censorship?" It is well known that members have occasionally sub-edited their speeches before their appearance in Hansard, but in this case Mr. Buchanan who refused to withdraw can scarcely have wished to excise his remarks from Hansard. Was it the Official Reporter exercising a discretion that would be perilous if it were officially recognised? Or can it possibly have been the target of Mr. Buchanan's vituperations?

As "Eve" points out elsewhere, Mr. Buchanan's rude words have had their effect abroad. Why should Hansard alone ignore them.

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### Honours and Patriots

We reprint the following note from the current issue of the *National Review*:

"The Honours lists, which come out from time to time, contain nothing out of the way. One result of Mr. Baldwin's collaboration with Mr. MacDonald is that he has left off knighting Sir Norman Angell, and that is to the good. When Messrs. Lansbury, Attlee and Cripps have succeeded our present ministers we shall doubtless see Professor Harold Laski made an Earl for his services to Moscow, while all the objectors to fighting from 1914-1918, conscientious or otherwise, will be given the D.S.O. with bar marked "We Stayed at Home." It will be glorious for us all and will redound to the credit of Great Britain. But until this occurs it would be a comfort to plain folk, who have not got the detached mental attitude of Cripps, Lansbury, Coles and Co., if Mr. Baldwin would submit the names of patriots for the receipt of Honours to the Prime Minister and through him to the King. He would gain the greatest kudos if, in doing so, he did not only select such names from those who invariably support him."

### A Source of Inspiration

"For instance, there is one person who deserves great honour (adds the *National Review*) not only because she has done many public-spirited things, but because she is herself a very public-spirited person; we refer to Lady Houston. Of the things she has done to raise the spirits of her countrymen in a time of depression we mention her financing of the British team for the Schneider Cup race, the Houston Mount Everest flying expedition, and also, what should most of all appeal to Mr. Baldwin, the prevention of the victimisation of the Hull tramwaymen. We have not referred to her enormous and innumerable charities. These are solid accomplishments. They are not the vagaries of a rich woman—they all tend to one end, the good of her country. There can only be one reason for the failure of the Government to recognise the admirable effort of Lady Houston, who is a source of patriotic inspiration to all who know her, and that is the fact that she has a very considerable power of expressing herself and that she does not admire the Government. But surely rewards in this country are not only bestowed for political reasons?"

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### Smuts and Japan

Flattered, perhaps, by the splendid reception evoked by the speech he delivered a short time ago, General Smuts has given utterance to a dramatic expression of his views on the world crisis. It is safe to say that it will arouse much more criticism than did the other, for it is practically an attack on Japan, whom he regards simply as a predatory State bent on conquest—far too prevalent an idea. Against it should be contrasted the definite statement of Saito, Japanese Ambassador to America, to the effect that Japan's activities in Manchuria and China are meant to curb and curtail Soviet intrigue and action in these regions.

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### The New Turkey

Mustapha Kemal is unmistakably one of the great figures of our time. He has virtually created a new Turkey, but he takes very good care to allow nobody to step in and interfere, still more to wreck, his plans for his country's welfare. Thus, the Turkish parliamentary elections, which have just been held, returned, at his bidding, a solid block of representatives pledged to support him in his good work. Among these were seventeen women—which shows how far the old Turkish ideas of the seclusion of women have been dropped. The Ghazi has had added to his titles that of "Attatürk," but in the circumstances the American "Attaboy!" seems rather appropriate.



### War in the Gran Chaco

What a curious position the League of Nations has got itself into respecting the war between Bolivia and Paraguay! It seems certain that victory inclines decidedly to the latter State, which therefore refuses to stop fighting, *pace* the League. In her plight Bolivia cries for help to Geneva, with the result that the embargo on her receiving armaments from the outside is withdrawn, and also with the result that the League is to all intents and purposes encouraging instead of discouraging war.

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### Italy and Abyssinia

Further clashes in the intermediate frontier zone of Italy and Abyssinia in East Africa have led Signor Mussolini to mobilise two divisions, and to issue an ultimatum. When this controversy was withdrawn from the League, to which it was a very serious embarrassment, it was on the understanding that direct negotiations were to take place between the two parties with a view to a settlement—which evidently is still to seek. With the world, particularly Europe, so distracted and

tormented by other troubles, it will be most unfortunate if this quarrel should lead to war. But this is perhaps to take the matter too seriously, and in any case both British and French interests will make for peace.

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My Lord Bishop of York  
With whom do you walk?  
With whom do you talk  
My Lord Bishop of York?  
Are your duties so few  
That you've nothing to do  
But say—when we pray  
“Amen” should be balked?

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Speaking at the annual banquet of the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians last week, the Archbishop of York said, “The singing of ‘Amen’ at the end of hymns is often redundant and out of place, never necessary and always rather a bore.”

## A CABINET MINISTER AT BAY

In a new book—“Bull-dog Drummond at Bay”—just published (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), by “Sapper,” Lt.-Col. Cyril McNeile, there is an interesting and important passage which is printed below.

Sir James Portrush, a Cabinet Minister, is talking with Ivor Kalinsky, a powerful European financier. Kalinsky speaks:

“Why have you gone out of your way to make another European war inevitable?”

Sir James sat up with a jerk.

“Inevitable!” he stuttered. “Inevitable! My dear sir, we have led the way in every disarmament conference that has been held.”

“Which would have been quite admirable if any other country had followed you. Unfortunately they haven’t. They—forgive my saying so, Sir James—have merely laughed.”

“What else could we have done? It was essential to follow the trend of public opinion in this country.”

“Follow! Surely a novel method of regarding your stewardship.”

“You misunderstand me, Mr. Kalinsky. It is essential that leaders should sense the temper of those they are called up to govern. And I say frankly that this country would not stand for another war.”

“I can quite believe you. Which is why, as I said to start with, it makes it even more unfortunate that they have brought it on themselves. Sir James, let us be perfectly frank. You, to-day, are in the invidious position of a small boy telling two bigger ones not to fight. And the result in that case is that he gets kicked in the seat of his pants by both . . .”

“If you’d thought bluntly these last few years this situation would never have arisen. England would still have been the deciding factor in Europe. As it is, you are negligible. And your funny little men who preach pacifism, though they have never heard a shot fired in anger in their lives, flatter themselves that they deserve well of their country. No one wants war, Sir James, but the only way to prevent it is to take the line you have not taken. To stop two strong men fighting you must at least be as strong yourself.”

“Come, come, Mr. Kalinsky, there is such a thing as an alliance.”

“Who would deny it? Let us, however, look on your value as an ally. Your army is negligible, and there will be no time in the next war to expand it as you did in the last. Your navy is still a magnificent striking force, but, to be perfectly frank, what is it going to strike against? A few sea forts; another fleet? Who cares? The results in the big scheme of things would be negligible. And as a means of defence, out of date. Command of the seas is still important, but command of the air is infinitely more so. And there you simply fade right out of the picture. Just before you arrived, Sir James, I was standing in the window looking out over this great city of yours, and in my imagination I heard the drone of an attacking air fleet. I saw the holocaust below. It was no trumpety raid such as you experienced in the last war, and by which, so it would seem to the onlooker, you still set your standard. They were up there by their hundreds and the raid itself was the actual declaration of war.”

“Really, Mr. Kalinsky, it sounds like an extract from the alarmist press. I can hardly believe that you are serious.”

“My dear Sir James, your countrymen never have believed that anything was serious until it actually happened. But in the past you have had time to repair your mistake, and somehow or other to muddle through. In the future you won’t have that time.”

“There certainly wouldn’t be much time if what you have described took place,” agreed Sir James tolerantly. “And should any nation be so inconceivably barbaric, I don’t see how we could prevent them.”

“By one method and one method only: fear of reprisals. And that presupposes *existing* strength in the air as great if not greater than they possess themselves. Which is what you have not got . . .”

“*Touché*, Mr. Kalinsky, *touché*. I admit that I fear the lesson has not been learned; and I also admit that we have cut down our fighting forces to the nearest minimum. But the country simply would not stand any large increase in the estimates.”



# SPRING IN DOWNING STREET

The vernal crocus gems the Park,  
 The artificial duck  
 Lifts an enamoured voice, and hark!  
 With peremptory cluck  
 The pheasant in the adjoining scrub  
 Proffers his spouse the early grub.  
 Which means that somewhere on the hills  
 The new-born lambkins frisk,  
 That soon there will be daffodils,  
 And those who like a risk  
 Will leave their overcoats at home,  
 In hopes that Spring has really come.  
 But somewhere, it is evident,  
 No vernal joy prevails;  
 Lent lilies may be out in Kent,  
 And wizards out in Wales,  
 But no such prospects can defeat  
 The frosty gloom of Downing Street.  
 Not theirs to ask how fares the flock,  
 Or where the violets blow,  
 But whether Simon takes the knock,  
 And must MacDonald go.  
 Not theirs to ask if cows are calvin',  
 But what is eating Mr. Garvin.  
 The greener grass, the brighter hours  
 With sightless eyes they see.  
 In vain doth Nature wave her flowers;  
 They murmur "Wavertree!"  
 And wonder if the Churchill group  
 Can really put them in the soup.  
 Half hidden by the leafless tree  
 The blackbird lays its eggs.  
 "The Government," says Stanley B.,  
 "Is not on its last legs."  
 To me the prospects of the bird  
 Seem very much to be preferred.  
 For like the coneys that abound  
 Upon the sunlit brae,  
 Poor Stan can never stand his ground,  
 But always runs away.  
 And now, like many an "also ran,"  
 He's in the cart and not the van.  
 An issue must be faced at last  
 From which he cannot run.  
 No wonder Stanley feels the blast,  
 And cannot feel the sun,  
 For someone's due to get the boot,  
 And Stan's the chap that's got to do't.  
 MacDonald, Simon, Halifax,  
 Belisha, Elliot, Hoare—  
 One of the pals must get the axe,  
 And maybe three or four.  
 "Spring-clean the Cabinet!" is the cry  
 Of angry voters far and nigh  
 And what is it to Stanley B.  
 If crocuses are out?  
 He's wondering shall he call L.G.  
 Or throw MacDonald out,  
 Or both or neither. What a crux!  
 "Quack," cry the ornamental ducks.

HAMADRYAD.

# The Doom of the Government

By Kim

**W**E have now reached the point where the Government has hardened its heart like Pharaoh, and is determined to force the India Bill through Parliament, whatever the cost.

A solid band of Conservatives, numbering 83, defied the Government whips and their veiled threats, by placing principle first.

Those who were elected by Conservative votes but who are supporting a Socialist measure, have never had any right to be called Conservative.

Mr. Winston Churchill, on Monday night, riddled this wretched Bill with criticism. He tore to pieces the double-faced attitude of the Attorney-General on the question of Dominion Status, and the right that it carries with it to secede from the Empire if the Dominion desires to do so. It is common knowledge that such is the intention of Indian politicians who are only  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the 350 million people of India.

Mr. Churchill exposed the Socialism of the Bill and how the supporters of Mr. Baldwin are so corrupted by the Socialism of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—or is it by the fear of losing their salaries?—that they are willing to say ditto to any Communist or Socialist measure without objection, presented not only by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a Socialist, but actually by Mr. Baldwin, who impudently calls himself a Conservative.

## Torturing Lancashire

Mr. Churchill, speaking on the subject of safeguards, which he proved to be worthless since the Congress Party will torture Lancashire to extract from the Government diminution of the safeguards, went on to say, amidst ominous silence:

I have watched this story from its very unfolding, and what has struck me more than anything else about it has been the amazingly small number of people who have managed to carry matters to their present lamentable pitch, you could almost count them on the fingers of one hand . . . . It is tragical that they should have been able to mislead the loyalties and use the assets of the Empire to its own undoing.

These were grave words. No Government spokesman attempted to answer them, for the simple reason that they **KNEW THEY WERE TRUE**. Even the Government's supporters begin to realise uncomfortably that the Prime Minister, a Socialist and Internationalist, is playing the part of an Empire wrecker.

Only the other evening we had the misfortune to have to listen to a certain M.P. addressing his constituents, where he has an overwhelming Conservative majority, and he complacently told us

that when all the India business was cleared away, the "rebel" Conservatives would re-unite and the "National" Government would continue to add to its prestige and would keep out the Socialists. We should like to know how this could possibly be done, when the Prime Minister is a Socialist and all his measures are Socialist measures. The wish was father to the thought, but it did not for a moment deceive his audience, and he, like hundreds of others, has merely sown the seed of a poisonous weed which if permitted to grow up will choke and poison the whole Empire as quickly as possible, by poison gas.

## The Gordian Noose

The truth is that the Government directed by Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin, in refusing to consider the ameliorating proposals advanced by Mr. Churchill, has tied the Gordian knot round its own throat, for which we say, "Thank Goodness!" Its supporters are engaged in passing, out of sheer cowardice and funk—though God knows why!—what is admittedly a Socialist Bill, fathered by the Father of Lies, and when the next General Election comes in sight (as it may do much sooner than the prophets prophesy, and they prophesy differently), those men who have supported the Bill and sown the wind, will discover their "reward." Lord Brocket spoke sound commonsense when he said, after the Wavertree Election, "If you are a Tory be a Tory and retain your Tory votes."

Those who are in revolt against the present Government feel with deep conviction that the only hope of success in the fight against Socialism is a real Conservative Party appealing for support on its traditional principles, for the existing Government is a sham and a fraud. The *Sunday Dispatch*, in a leading article, truly said:

Which is the more likely to defeat Socialism—a coalition of jarring elements which has proved its lack of patriotic fervour by surrendering India to the extremists and permitting Britain to sink to the sixth or seventh position as an air power, or a virile Conservative Party unashamed of its Imperialism?

There is only one answer. Wavertree showed it. Portsmouth earlier showed it. Every man set up by the present caucus will get put down by the electorate.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for whom Government supporters have thrown aside all principles, all honour and all truth, and all they owe to those who gave them their Conservative votes, is utterly discredited. He was jeered and howled at in Luton as he was previously at Seaham Harbour.

He is derided, treated with utter contempt especially among the working classes, and when

he ought to lead he leaves Stanley Baldwin to do his dirty work. He was not at the India Debate last Monday until just before the Division was expected, and sneering remarks were made about his absence.

Are we, the people of England, going to sit down and watch the destruction of this great

historic Conservative Party and this splendid Empire because they have been sold to their enemies?

Mr. Churchill's words stung these traitors to fury, but what good are those who have lost faith in themselves and in England's greatness? They are salt that has lost its savour, neither fit for the land nor the dunghill.

## A Question of Dignity

By the Saturday Reviewer

IT was another full Cabinet. Those two-and-twenty statesmen, who concentrate in their sacred persons the courage, the wisdom, the frankness and honesty of the British nation, were sitting round the great mahogany table which almost fills the Council-room at No. 10, Downing Street.

"We have to discuss, my dear *Coalleagues*," said the Prime Minister, "what line we are to take on the second reading of the Government of India Bill. It is a matter of some importance for there is still time to come to an arrangement with Churchill and his friends."

"Not without loss of dignity," said the President of the Board of Education.

"Eighty Conservative votes in the House are worth a lot of dignity," said the Secretary of State for the Dominions.

"What do we gain by going ahead with this Bill?" asked the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a good man, but having been a mere Service member he never could get over a sense of inferiority, and seldom raised his voice. Now he took courage.

"Nobody seems to like it," he continued. "We are splitting the Conservative Party, and discouraging all our friends, and what are we going to get out of it?"

"That," said the Prime Minister, "is a question for our *Coalleague*, the Secretary of State for India."

Sir Samuel Hoare cleared his throat. "There is, as my friend, Halifax, says, the question of our dignity, which is certainly of some importance . . ."

"O cut that out!" said the Secretary of State for the Dominions.

The great Sir Samuel, with a stateliness of manner which he had inherited from ancestors who had stood behind the counter of the family bank, slowly turned a withering glance on the interrupter. "I can well understand," he said, "that a question of dignity weighs little with my friend."

"Oh buzz off!" said the Secretary of State for the Dominions impatiently.

"No asperities between *coalleagues*," said the Prime Minister.

"I am bound to say," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "that there seems to me very little dignity in the matter. I saw it reported in the debate in the Legislative Assembly at Delhi that that miserable little Mahomedan lawyer, Jainah, who has joined the Congress Party, said they were going to 'kick you out of India,' meaning, I suppose, the British."

"That," replied Sir Samuel Hoare crushingly, "is merely a *façon de parler*. They have to talk like that in order to reconcile the politically-minded class to our Bill."

"But I thought you told us," said the Secretary of State for War, "that the politically-minded class wanted this Bill."

"So they do," said the Secretary of State for India. "But they have to pretend that they don't in order to reconcile their followers."

"I see," said the Secretary of State for War doubtfully. "I see."

"That is the worst of you fellows, who don't understand the problem," continued Sir Samuel Hoare (with the well-justified superiority of an expert who had spent a week-end in Bombay) "You miss all the delicate light and shade of this extremely difficult problem. In their heart of hearts, of course, the Indian politicians want this Bill, but as a matter of dignity they have to pretend that they hate it."

"So we don't get anything out of it from anybody," said the Secretary of State for the Dominions.

"Is it nothing that we fulfil our pledges and maintain our reputation for consistency?" asked the President of the Board of Education loftily.

"Is it nothing that you've got us all into an 'ell of a mess with your silly pledges? Everybody knows you made them because you were afraid of that little black goliwog, Gandhi."

The President of the Board of Education rose to his full height. "For myself," he said, "I do not care; but I must ask you to withdraw these aspersions on that saintly man whom I am proud to call my friend."

"All right, all right, I withdraw," said the other, "but what I want to know is, what are we going to get out of this 'ere Bill. There ain't votes in it, and there ain't trade in it, and there ain't employment in it over here, and as far as I can see there ain't any gratitude for it in India."



The Lord President of the Council put a thumb between the pages of his favourite Wodehouse, which he held under the table. "Don't you think," he said, "it would be beneath our dignity to come to any terms with Winston, and Page Croft, and Lloyd and all that crowd after all they've said, and what they've done at Wavertree?"

"I agree with you," said the Attorney-General, a heavy man, whose deliberation of speech testified to his wisdom, "and if it be of any comfort to you to know it, I have prepared a speech which reconciles all the contradictions between the Preamble of 1919 and the Irwin Pledge of 1929. And I show conclusively that Dominion Status, although it may give the power does not confer the right to secede from the Empire."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the Prime Minister. "I think, my dear *Coalleagues*, we are agreed that it would little consort with our dignity if we made any surrender to these Die-hards and rebels."

At this point in the proceedings a messenger entered with a letter. "I regret to inform you," the Prime Minister read, "that there has been another riot of unemployed workers. They have knocked down a policeman and broken the window of a Council Office, and they demand immediate repayment of all benefits on the old scale. I think, my dear *Coalleagues*, it would save a lot of unpleasantness if we authorised these payments at once."

"Dignity be damned," said Thomas, and it was agreed *nem con*.

## Our New Submarines

By a Naval Correspondent

**H.** M.S. *Shark*, now running her trials in the channel, is giving proof of remarkable qualities. In design, she is a return in the direction of those small submarines which were so popular and efficacious during the war, the "H" and "R" classes, though she is much more robust in construction and has considerably greater powers of attack and seaworthiness.

Of 200 ft. overall length and a beam of 24 ft., she displaces 670 tons submerged. This compares with the 1,500 tons of the big "Overseas" type which we have been building and is a reduction which will be heartily welcomed by most submarine Officers. The big boats frequently take a lot of handling when running submerged and there is a consequent difficulty in manoeuvring for an attack which is entirely absent in the smaller designs.

H.M.S. *Shark* carries six torpedo tubes in the bows for 21 inch torpedoes. Her attacking armament, therefore, is the equal of the bigger boats and quite sufficient to disable the largest battleship afloat. And with a better chance of pressing her attack home, due to her small size, she should be able to score a larger percentage of successful attacks. Unlike the "H" and "R" classes, she carries two quick-firing anti-aircraft guns which can also be used against light surface patrol boats. This is a great advantage over the older submarines, whose only surface armament was a Lewis gun.

Her radius of action on the engines is rather more than 1,000 miles, which would enable her to be used, not only for coast defence, but also, if need arose, for foreign patrols. She has a surface speed of 14½ knots, which is fairly high for a boat of her size. Her battery capacity for underwater work is large enough to give her a submerged speed of 10 knots with an underwater endurance of several hours.

The most amazing feature of these new submarines is the rapidity with which they can dive. In the older boats, a "crash" dive completed in 60 seconds was considered an excellent performance. When one considers that the submarine is running on the surface with her diesels, and she has to submerge to periscope depth with the consequent time taken to flood main ballast tanks, the casing and the bridge, 60 seconds is pretty fast going. Thirty seconds is an almost incredible time and speaks volumes for the design of quick-flooding arrangements to make such a feat possible. It is a time that must be unequalled by any other submarine in the world.

The other big feature of the new design is the extreme simplicity and ease with which they can be handled under water. They are very quick on the turn and hold their trim well, thus making them admirable boats with which to deliver an attack.

All the submarines in this class are fitted with the escape tube, a safety measure used in conjunction with the Davis escaping gear. This renders submarine work much less dangerous than in previous days and gives the men a good chance of getting out of a boat when holed and sunk. In the past, one of the greatest difficulties of submarine equipment was wireless. It was rarely satisfactory and its range was comparatively small. In H.M.S. *Shark*, a new type of high-power wireless has been fitted which is giving most satisfactory results. When one of the most important duties of a submarine is patrolling off enemy harbours and reporting movements of enemy ships, the advantages of a really efficient wireless installation can readily be appreciated.

Eleven of these new boats have been either laid down or authorised and they will materially increase the submarine strength of this country. Their merit is also enhanced by their comparative cheapness. They cost a little under £250,000 each.

# Red Russia — Respectable!

By Robert Machray

**R**ESPECTABLE—this was the epithet which our Liberals and Socialists came to adopt last year as properly characterising Soviet Russia, the ruddy adjective which was in common use being considered most objectionable. One of the organs of our foolish Government urged as a good argument for the admission of the Soviet into the League of Nations that it "had become respectable." This showed how far British policy had travelled since 1929 when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said that by hook or crook diplomatic relations should be established with Russia. Anyhow, described as a truly pacific country, Soviet Russia entered the League in September, and was given a permanent seat on its Council.

Comrade Litvinoff, the Soviet's Foreign Commissar, and of course an eminently respectable man (if probably the wildest intriguer at Geneva), exuded peace, was most active in promoting the Eastern Pact of Guarantee, and besides was full of proposals for disarmament and all the rest of that particular bag of tricks. A rude shock to the idea that the Soviet had in some way or other—there could be no greater miracle—changed its essential nature was administered when the murder of Kiroff at Leningrad early in December was ruthlessly avenged by the most drastic reprisals, more than a hundred poor wretches being dispatched out of hand.

## A Peace Paradox

Even some of the pro-Soviet advocates among our intelligentsia were forced to admit, much against their will, that these mass executions were not exactly respectable. Poor Comrade Litvinoff was rather bothered about them at Geneva, but he kept pegging away at his plans for peace. These, however, took on a strange and decidedly sinister aspect when some extraordinary disclosures were made of the astounding increase which had taken place in the strength of the Soviet's armed forces during the last four years.

Perhaps because these statements were thrown into the shade at the time by the furore over the French Ministers' visit and its developments, the attention of the British public, though it is of the most vital importance that it should be well informed on this subject, has been altogether insufficiently drawn to them by the Press. During the sessions of the All-Union Congress of Soviets in Moscow at the end of January, first, Molotoff, the Soviet Premier under Dictator Stalin, and, second, Tuchachevsky, the Assistant-Commissar of War, announced that the Red Army had grown from 600,000 in 1931 to nearly a million men.

These startling figures mean that Soviet Russia has now the biggest regular army in the world. No expense appears to have been spared on it, and it is remarkably well-equipped—in fact, a much more formidable army than that which Tsarist

Russia put into the field in 1914. It is far stronger than any other country in the Air, according to authoritative statistics. The necessary funds were obtained mainly in three ways: by what was termed a voluntary, but in reality a forced loan wrung from the whole Russian people, by robbing the Russian peasant of their crops and leaving the poor devils to starve and die, and by sales of products, such as timber cut and dressed by slave-labour, to this country at low prices, thus undercutting our own producers at home and in the Dominions. No wonder Canada grumbles!

The money was sought and perhaps procured in various other ways. But it is noteworthy that the long negotiations between the Soviet and the United States have broken down in the matter of a loan. Uncle Sam very rightly wanted to get back some of the funds he had advanced to Russia, but the Soviet insisted that this could not be done unless it first received a loan—in England this kind of thing is already unpleasantly familiar to us. The American Government declined to accept the Soviet's method of doing business, and now in consequence has greatly diminished its diplomatic activities with Moscow; a lesson to us.

## Who is the Enemy?

And why this great Red Army? Any patriotic Englishmen will, even in present circumstances, think of India. What Tuchachevsky alleged in the Kremlin was that the fighting power of the Soviet's army had been doubled "in view of the danger of attacks from abroad." It is certainly the case that the imminence of war has been held before the Russians for many years as a reason for their being well-prepared for a tremendous struggle, but until of late they were left under the impression that they were to fight for the world revolution. Now they are told that Japan is the enemy, but suggestions are also thrown out of assaults from Germany and even from Poland.

But there is another side to the picture, as was made clear last Sunday by Mr. Saito, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, when, speaking in Chicago before the Council of Foreign Relations, he declared that Japan's greatest fear was of Soviet aggression, and he coupled that statement with another, namely that the Soviet during the last eighty years has been fomenting, instigating and directing revolution in China. He maintained that Japan's intervention in Manchuria and her present activity in China were intended to stem and curtail the influence of the Soviet in these regions.

Somehow the Soviet and its aims do not seem quite so respectable to Japan as they do in certain quarters of Europe. As a matter of tactics the world revolution has been withdrawn from the front of the Soviet's programme, but none the less it remains the essential feature of that programme.



# Austria's Historic Mission—

**I**N the communiqué which was issued at the close of my recent talk in Rome with the Chancellor of the Austrian Republic, reference was made to a historic mission which Austria must fulfill and for which her independence and autonomy must be respected. The reference to the "historic" mission of Austria made a certain impression even among the Austrians themselves, many of whom, after the catastrophe of the empire, did not believe that their country could survive and have a future.

Has Austria, then, a historic mission to fulfill? Even though it is no more the vital part and directing head of an empire which in its best days had a population of 52,000,000?

The population of Austria does not to-day reach 7,000,000, but it is a compact nation from the ethical viewpoint, except Vienna, which is a melting pot. On the other hand, a people can have a mission to fulfill independently of its territory and of the number of its inhabitants.

When one speaks of a "historic" mission one means to refer to a mission that lasts through centuries with the results of order, not only internal but also external. Now in what does the historic mission of the Austria of to-day consist? In order to reply to this question we must begin by setting forth that Austria is a German country; certainly as German as Prussia, whose foundation is Slav severely Germanised.

No one can challenge the German character of Austria, but the aspects and expressions even the way of living of Austrian Germanism are very different from those of Prussian Germanism. They are two worlds which during the past centuries have turned on different orbits, and often they have met on fields of battle.

German Austria during the empire functioned as a mediating force between the eight or ten races which composed it. It made its influence felt especially through its great centre of Vienna, but it has also undergone the influence of the Slavs, the Magyars, the Latins.

The first "historic" task of Austria is therefore to continue the work of past centuries under other forms in the new situation which has

changed on the political side but not on the geographical; to filter and re-balance German culture in order to make it tolerable and acceptable to the Danubian and Balkan world. One of the tasks of the Austrian spirit in all its manifestations, from politics to literature, can be to eliminate from

the German "conception" all that which is exclusive, harsh and repulsive to the other peoples. At the same time, Austria can be the most fitting instrument in the contacts between the nascent culture of the Danubian basin and the German world.

The second historic mission of Austria springs from the traditional and tenacious Catholicity of its people. When Austria is said, Catholic is also said, but a serious Catholic, observing and profoundly devoted to the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church. Catholicism during the Empire appeared rather formalist and bound with the necessity of policy; Austrian Catholicism of the post-war period is felt as a faith which has its roots in the Austrian soul.

The great Chancellors of the Republic, Seipel and Dollfuss, were Catholics—the former was even a Monsignor. The present Chancellor Schuschnigg is a strictly observing Catholic and makes no mystery of his convictions, which reflects on his honour and shows his strong character. Seen from Rome and from the religious point of view, Austria seems like a great entrenched field of Catholicism in the Danubian basin. The Slav orthodox and the German Reformed religion are pressing at the edges of this entrenched field. Defending the extreme positions of Catholicism in that European sector, Austria defends fifteen centuries of its history, tradition its own reason of life, which in 1633 made it the bulwark of all European Catholicity against the threatened invasion of the Crescent.

The historic tasks of Austria are therefore two, to conserve the merits of German culture, humanised by contacts with Latin culture above all, and to hold firm the place of Catholicism in the North-East and Central Europe as an advanced sentinel. With these tasks, Austria reaffirms her individuality, gives a sense and aim to the life of her





## By Mussolini

national collectivity, and renders a great service to European civilisation.

Austria amongst her best elements is conscious of this; such a sentiment is becoming the patrimony of the vast masses of the people; the postulate of independence acquires value and a supreme significance viewed in the light of its historic character.

In spite of the common language, Austria has always had its own literature, art and music. An Austrian spirit has developed which is Austrian in form, not Germanic. These forms have felt, above all, the influx of the culture of the Latin West, represented by Italy. The Austro-Italian cultural relations have lasted for centuries. The literary renaissance began in Austria with Johann von Neumarkt, who translated Petrarch. The 17th and 18th centuries can be defined as the golden period of Italian literary influence: Italians were the poets at court, like Apostolo Zonn and Metastasio. The Italian language was universally known—composers of universal fame like Mozart and Gluck had Italian librettists.

### MASTERS IN VIENNA

Italian masters like Giovanni Castiletti were called to the direction of the Court Chapel. In the 16th century it was proposed to bring Palestrina to Vienna. We find composers and scenery painters there. The Venetian style acquired a particular physiognomy there, while the Neapolitan style was represented by Nicolo Porpora. Father Martini exercised a noteworthy influence on Mozart, while it remains to the glory of Antonio Salieri that he taught vocal composition to Schubert and Beethoven.

All Austrian monumental architecture in the 17th century and also in the 18th was of Italian inspiration and construction. The chronicles of the Encyclopædia tell us that Sentino Sulari of Como directed all the building in Salzburg between 1612 and 1646. Bands of artisans from Northern Italy emigrated there with their families and were the means of a large artistic movement which created innumerable works, among which emerges at Vienna the Church of the Jesuits, the one of the Dominicans, of the Neunengelschorne; at Innsbruck also a Church of the Jesuits; at Salzburg, the Cathedral and the Kajetaner Kirche. I recall, too, the convents of Schlierbach, Kremsmünster, Klosternenburg, Wilten; the Leopoldine wing of the Hofburg, the Theresianum College by Burnscini, the castle of Count Abensberg-Traun, the Lobkowitz palace, the column of the Trinity on the Graben at Vienna.

Domenico Martinelli, of Lucca, was among the heads who directed subsequent imperial architecture—Hurrack palace, Liechtenstein palaces; Lorenzo Mattielli of Vicenza populated the gardens of the Schwarzenberg with statues, etc.; the Venetian Giovanni Giuliani was the master of Donner, principal Austrian baroque sculptor; Father Andrea Pozzo inspired the painters of the great frescos on walls and ceilings; Nicola Pacassi finished the Castle of Schoenbrunn; Gregorio Guglielmi frescoed the Academy of Science.

### MASTER OF ITS DESTINY

In the light of this past, it is clear that the possibility of intensifying the cultural relations between Italy and Austria exists, and that the possibility of Austria becoming a mediating force amongst the various cultures of Europe also exists. It is certainly an important fact that Austria has a common language with Germany, but it is none the less important that Austria has a common relation with Italy. Vienna can look to the North and to the South, to the West and to the East, which begins as it was at one time said, from the St. Stephen's square.

I believe that with the passing of years, with the strengthening of the State, with the improvement of economy, all will be convinced that Austria can exist as a second German State in Europe—German, but master of its destiny.

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## Eve in Paris

“ONE of the paradoxes in the London interviews,” writes the widely-read weekly, *Aux Ecoutes*, “is that French Ministers are faced by discredited English colleagues. Excepting M. Eden, the British Cabinet presents, in the eyes of public opinion, a ridiculous and superannuated appearance.”

It quotes at length the incident of the Socialist, Buchanan, who called the Prime Minister in the House of Commons “un porc, un sale bouffon,” notes that no voice was raised in defence of Mr. MacDonald, and that the Speaker’s traditional intervention only took place *after* the public had made common cause with the indignant denouncer.

The candidature of young Randolph Churchill, it goes on to say, was significant, being the expression of profound discontent on the part of Conservatives.

MADAME van der Heyden a Hauzeur, so well known in Parisian Society, has just returned from England. She has been helping her sister, Lady Berry, to entertain the party at Farnham Court given in honour of M. Flandin, and has sent out invitations for a large dinner and reception at her beautiful house in the Avenue Gabriel. This will be attended by the President of the Council and Madame Flandin, by French notabilities, and very important British personages will cross the Channel for the occasion.

WELL-INFORMED people who judge for themselves are struck by the fact that, whilst Germany is declaring she will renounce all claims on Alsace-Lorraine, methodical radio propaganda is being carried on which ill accords with such intentions. A few days ago, listening-in to Frankfurt, one heard an entertainment entitled “Alsace et Lorraine,” in which were the songs, “O Strassburg, O Strassburg du wunderschöne Stadt,” and “Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz.” One of the characters asserted that the Alsations always think with melancholy of their brethren on the other side of the frontier, and in reply to questions asking, “Do you belong to France?” these Alsations are made to reply loudly “No!”—whilst they unanimously cry “Yes” when asked if they are Germans.

M. JULES CAIN, administrator of the great “Bibliothèque Nationale,” is a happy man these days. He has received from M. Seymour de Ricci a priceless gift of historic interest, no less than fifteen hundred letters of Voltaire, collected patiently during thirty years. M. Seymour de Ricci had left these to the Bibliothèque in his will, and he writes: “I feel it is imprudent for a private person to retain documents of such national interest, and I wish also that they may be available for friends of Letters and History to consult.”

The letters include a long correspondence with Madame Du Deffand and that lady’s replies, letters to Madame d’Epinay, to Marin the Censor, to d’Alembert, the Banker Scherer, many to Voltaire’s printers, Cramer Brothers, and notes concerning Catherine of Russia.

ELABORATE precautions were taken by the authorities to ensure peace on the anniversary of a tragic day when the fate of the Republic hung in the balance. Policemen abounded in the Place de la Concorde, scene of fierce Stavisky riots a year ago. Mourners and sympathisers were allowed to make a shrine of the great South Fountain, heaping it with floral tributes to their slain. The vast crowds were kept moving, however.

Large forces of police and riot cars guarded the streets, especially around the Elysée, the Place de la Concorde, and the Chambre des Députés. Order prevailed until evening when, in the Rue Royale, a skirmish began and the police charged.

Ten thousand people attended the memorial service in homage to the riot victims at Notre Dame, the ancient Cathedral presenting a wonderful sight. In the Transept stood the great Catafalque, covered with the Tricolour. Cardinal Verdier, in violet “Cappa,” sat on the archiepiscopal throne, Canons and lesser clergy around him, and the nave was filled with deputations from patriotic societies. To families of the fallen were allotted places of honour, opposite M. Flandin and various officials.

The President of the Council had unpleasant experiences. On entering the Church he was insulted by young men, who were promptly arrested. On leaving, the crowd outside booed and hissed him. He looked pale and worried.

SOCIAL-RADICALS were enraged at M. Flandin attending the Mass at Notre Dame. “A representative sufficed,” they declared. “By going himself he strengthens the hands of our enemies. How can we make the public believe that the so-called victims of Feb. 6th were rioters, threatening the Republican Government, when the President of the Council thus honours their memory?”

M. Ramadier, Député de l’Aveyron, was specially hostile to M. Flandin. “The ceremony,” he cried, “was organised by Fascist Leagues, who declared their intention of throwing us into the Seine. And the Government supports them. It is infamous.”

But M. Flandin refused to be dictated to by the Cartel. “I promised to be at the Mass,” he said. The following day the Social-Democrats took their revenge. They opposed the Government (whose majority dropped consequently to 45) over the Décrets Lois. Later the Bourse showed nervousness and Rentes slumped.



# The New Deal in Jeopardy

By Ignatius Phayre



The Statue of Liberty gazes down on New York's harbour. America looks sadly at its depreciated Liberty Bonds and wonders, has Roosevelt been given too much liberty?

ON the stroke of noon, two cords are drawn across the main corridor of the Capitol in Washington and guards appear on either side. The door of a robing-room opens, and nine grave, elderly men (their ages from fifty-eight to seventy-seven) file slowly past in long gowns of black silk. These are the ultimate arbiters of America's ruling: Privy Council and House of Lords in one. Five of them may override any President's acts, or take Congress to task for neglect of its duty under the Constitution.

There can be no appeal from an "opinion" of this august tribunal. It is, in fact, the third and final authority which the Founding Fathers ordained in those stormy sessions of 1787, when "checks and balances" were so shaped as to control the Executive and Legislative powers.

These nine Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court stand apart from politics. They enjoy esteem and respect in unique degree, as the fine flower of

America's juridical learning and integrity. For 150 years their collective opinion has had the last word in guiding a continent-nation whose governance is immensely complicated by the "sovereignty" of forty-eight States, some of them thrice as large as the United Kingdom.

Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes leads the line: he was the only Presidential candidate who was ever declared "elected" in error; for Wilson's victory was a last-minute manoeuvre in 1916. A handsome man, bearded and erect, Hughes has a keen sense of humour, for all his dignity and grace. When I first met him, he was Harding's Secretary of State.

Next comes Willis Van Devanter, the oldest of all; he has been twenty-five years on the Bench. Then follows Brandeis and Cardozo, both of them Jews. Pierce Butler is the only Roman Catholic. Now comes George Sutherland—who was born in England—with Harlan F. Stone, James Clark



McReynolds (a bachelor) and Owen J. Roberts, a tall athletic man: it was he who probed the Teapot Dome oil scandals which saw a Cabinet Minister arraigned in the dock and later on in gaol.

Their present Court is the former Senate Chamber. In high-backed leather chairs, they sit at small mahogany desks. Behind looms a row of marble columns, in front are seats and desks for counsel and clerks, even for a few sightseers: but this austere place is a poor "show." Boy pages in blue serge slip in and out with papers. The Marshal has a watchful eye for decorum. After pleadings are heard, these silent Nine hold a secret conference in a basement hall; for their new and magnificent Greek temple (which cost eleven million dollars) is not quite ready to house the Supreme Court.

Sooner or later the immense upheaval of President Roosevelt's "New Deal" was bound to be brought before this final Court to test its legality. By a vote of eight to one, Section 9c of the N.R.A. has already been declared "unconstitutional." In it Mr. Roosevelt sought to check the production of oil. Congress was moreover sharply rebuked by the Court for delegating its law-making powers to the President: there was a limit to such laxity, and here (it was held) that limit had been exceeded. Both Houses took fright at this. The White House itself was fluttered.

#### BOND-HOLDERS IN REVOLT

Next came the "Gold Clause" challenge from bond holders: this affects no less than \$100,000,000,000 of public securities, and it may well involve the entire New Deal in ruin. A New Yorker held a \$1,000 bond and he asked for gold in exchange for it. Three other cases of the same sort came up, including a "Liberty" War-bond and some Treasury notes. On all these the debtor was pledged to repay "in gold coin of present standard of weight and fineness"—which details were clearly specified.

But in June, 1933, a docile Congress cancelled this clause at Mr. Roosevelt's bidding. He then debased the dollar to 59.06 cents. And now certain holders demand \$.69 for each dollar note due to them at the current value of gold. Hence the present test of "legality." The President sent his Attorney-General, Mr. Homer S. Cummings, to plead his case before the Supreme Court. The "Gold Clause" had to be abolished (he said) and the dollar de-valued in order to allow for public relief on a stupendous scale. To restore that Clause would add \$69,000,000,000 to America's public and private debt. It would also entail "a catastrophe to stagger the imagination," with "widespread bankruptcy and chaos," as well as a reduction of the Federal's Treasury balance by \$2,500,000,000.

Hearing all this, the unruffled Nine gave no sign. Mr. Cummings went on to argue that both President and Congress had "acted reasonably," and their decision was not "due to caprice." But now began a salvo of shocks. Justice Butler asked: "Can Congress make a dime (10 cents) into a dollar?" In reply, Mr. Roosevelt's advocate urged that the Government's contract was to

pay "in dollars." Here Justice Stone spoke: "That is not what the bond says."

When the Court was told of steps taken by other nations about their gold, Justice Van Devanter put in: "What England or Germany may do has no influence here: we must act under the Constitution of this country." On this, the New Deal's horizon darkened ominously. Its troubled champion tried to maintain that the Federal Government could not "bind itself in contracts in such a way as to limit its authority."

But here the Supreme Court's Chief took a hand. "Is not the very essence of sovereignty"—Mr. Hughes inquired—"to be able to bind a State in a contract to borrow money? When these bonds were surrendered, the holders received less than their value when issued." Then, leaning over his desk towards the Attorney-General, Chief Justice Hughes said very gravely, "Here you have a bond issued by the United States Government in a time of war, and in the exercise of its war-powers. It is a bond in which the Government promised to pay in a certain kind of money. *Where do you find any power under the Constitution to alter that bond—or the power of Congress to change that promise?*"

#### ROOSEVELT CHALLENGED

Those quiet words electrified all America, where dizzy billions have been lavished in an orgie of "Recovery by Spending." Twenty-five other major cases are before the Supreme Court: public work and railways, "Blue Eagle" rebels; working hours and wages, agricultural moves under the Bankhead Act of crop restrictions and farm mortgages moratoria. In a word, Mr. Roosevelt is abruptly halted on his self-styled "Untrodden Path," and his 10,000 Executive orders are challenged.

In his first serious defeat by these Nine Arbiters (over the oil-code of the N.R.A.)—and the reproach to Congress that went with the written "Opinion"—the Supreme Court pointed out: "The question is not the intrinsic importance of the subject-matter, but the Constitutional processes of legislation which are the essential functions of our form of Government."

Warning notes on this score had long been sounded by eminent jurists and ex-Ministers like Newton D. Baker, James M. Beck and John W. Davis—who was a Presidential candidate in 1924.

"Unless a Federal statute," Mr. Davis declared, "can cling to some Constitutional grant of power, it is no statute at all but rank usurpation: the Tenth Amendment in our Bill of Rights means just that."

There the entire New Deal rocks precariously, with both Houses of Congress stung and sobered by the Supreme Court's chiding—and by their President's further demand for a "blank cheque" of \$4,880,000,000 to relieve his needy millions throughout a vast land of all Europe's area and climates. What the outcome will be none can foretell. But Republican leaders already rub their hands with new hope. "Santa Claus has rained his last largesse," they claim. "Now his only way out is up the chimney!"

# On the Estuary

By Dan Russell

**A**N icy wind blew over the Estuary making the stiff marram-grasses sing like Æolian harps.

From the Arctic Circle it had come, gathering venom and energy in its journey over the grey waste of waters. The marshman, on his way to the creek, blinked away the tears of cold and shivered as the wind wrapped him in its bitter embrace.

He was a tall man and broad, his frame toughened by many years of exposure to cold and wet. His face was the colour of teak, the skin coarse and roughened by the weather. He wore a blue jersey and a pea-jacket. His legs were protected by sea boots which came half-way up his thighs. Under his arm he carried a double-barrelled gun.

He walked bent forward against the wind, his sea-boots squelching in the dun-coloured mud. Occasionally he raised his head and swept the horizon with far-sighted eyes. All around him, as far as the eye could see, were the mud-flats; huge expanses and banks of slimy, gray mud, sparsely covered with coarse marram-grass. And among these desolate flats wound creeks, small and large, like the threads of a spider's web.

## The Feeding Grounds

But it was from these dreary saltings that the marshman wrested his scanty living. For here were the feeding grounds of the wildfowl. Huge flocks of geese, mallard and widgeon fed upon the floating grasses and weeds, each flock with its keen-eyed sentinels alert for danger. For there is no more wary bird than the wildfowl of the saltings.

The marshman reached his little boathouse and pushed his punt out into the creek. It was a lovely craft which had cost him the savings of many years. It was built of the finest mahogany, flat-bottomed, and seventeen feet long. It lay very low in the water so that, at a distance, it seemed a mere shadow. At the bows was the punt-gun, a long evil-looking weapon which was loaded with a pound of shot and which could account for many birds at a single discharge. It was trained to fire at the water-line, but could be swivelled up for a shot at flighting fowl.

The marshman laid his double-barrelled gun in the bottom of the punt and pushed out into midstream. Then he turned down the creek and rowed with easy, powerful strokes towards the sea. He slid from creek to creek with the certainty of habit and without caution. He knew where the widgeon would be feeding and until he drew near there was no need for wariness.

Presently the creek began to flow more quickly, it was nearing the Estuary. The marshman moved his punt towards the bank and rowed with more caution. The creek widened, and when he

turned the bend he could see the wide expanse of the Estuary before him. He back-watered, keeping his punt stationary under the shelter of the bank while he gazed over the waters.

Almost immediately he saw them half-a-mile away, a flock of widgeon feeding in midstream.

For a long time he studied them, then, as if resolved, he turned to the work in hand. He stripped the waterproof cover from the breech of the punt-gun, and laid his shoulder-gun within reach of his hand. Then from a locker he took two small paddles shaped like butter-pats. Lying down in his boat, he inserted these paddles through holes in the sides, and began very slowly to work his way towards the feeding flock.

The widgeon fed peacefully on, seemingly unaware of the long shadow which was drifting towards them over the water. The sentinel bird cocked his beady eye at it, but took no alarm.

Inch by inch the punt crept nearer until at length, two hours after the beginning of the stalk, it was within one hundred and fifty yards. Very slowly the marshman raised himself, hardly showing the top of his head. Very slowly he aligned his gun upon the flock and took the trigger line in his hand.

Even as he did so there was a scream overhead. A gull flying low over the Estuary had seen the man lying in the punt and had cried the alarm.

## Wings of Fear

There was a mighty splashing of water as the widgeon took the air. The rustling of their wings was like the coming of a storm and their soft quacking voices were a panic-stricken tumult.

The marshman cursed and pulled the trigger. There was a booming explosion and the punt slid back through the water as the gun recoiled. The marshman peered through the smoke. But not a single duck lay upon the water. He had been too late. He had shot beneath the rising flock.

He shaded his eyes and watched them wheel and beat towards the open sea. And even as he watched one bird lagged behind the others and fell like a plummet to the water.

"I'll have 'ee any road" muttered the marshman. He seized his oars and rowed savagely until he came to where the bird was floating. It was quite dead; one single pellet had pierced it in the head. The marshman lifted it into the boat and turned for home.

As he reached his boat-house a storm of sleet swept down upon the mud-flats. The marshman moored his punt and picked up his solitary kill. He smiled at it grimly. A full charge of powder and shot, a long and arduous stalk, and the result. . . .

"Better luck to-morrow," he said and, picking up his gun, he swung off over the mud-flats to his tiny cottage.



# The Bayard of Letters

By Clive Rattigan

**T**HE great names of Literature have not always been associated with greatness of character.

In Sir Walter Scott's case the greatness of the man stands out perhaps even more prominently than the greatness of his work.

As a poet he could never rise to the heights of a Byron, Shelley or Keats; the subtleties and finer shades of feeling were beyond him; there was no lustre or rich music in his verse. His organic equipment, as Lockhart tells us, had certain deficiencies. "He had very little of what musicians would call an ear." The chief merit of his poetry lay in its rugged simplicity, its romantic flavour and its hurrying movement.

And as the prolific creator of prose romances, his genius was also subject to similar limitations. He could re-create for his readers the life, the manners and controversies of a bye-gone age with a freshness and realism that was truly remarkable; and when the scene was one of action and quick movement, its presentment could scarcely have been bettered. But with all that there was something lacking.

Carlyle noted this, but he was guilty of more than a little exaggeration when he roundly declared:

Your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them.

That is not true of all Scott's characters, though it may be true of some of his heroes. As Scott, always modest about his own literary gifts, was himself wont to remark, "I am a bad hand at depicting a hero properly so called."

What he lacked, he himself said, was "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting."

## The Man of Courage

Literary fashions change, and the taste of the mid-nineteenth century is by no means the taste of to-day. But, though Scott may not be read with the same gusto and uncritical enthusiasm as he was a century ago, his literary fame still rests on stable foundations that are all the more secure because they are buttressed up by the truly heroic reputation he earned for himself in his gallant fight against adversity.

Scott had always held courage to be one of the highest virtues.

He had taught his own children to think nothing of tumbles and had accustomed them, as Lockhart records, "to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams," and he was fond of declaring that "without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue."

There could never be any doubting the

strength of his friendships or the sincerity of his patriotism. He was always ready to be "a hedge to his friends," even if the magnanimity of his nature prevented him from having any foes to whom he could be "a heckle."

"Everything which touched on knight-errantry," he tells us in a brief memoir regarding his youth, "was particularly acceptable to me," and these childish enthusiasms were a key to his character as he grew into manhood.

Thus, when adversity was to fall upon him, and his cup of bitterness was to be filled to the brim, by the illness and death of his wife on the top of the financial worries occasioned by the failure of the Ballantyne firm, the true knight of chivalry was to emerge, prepared to battle for his honour against any odds.

## Vassal to his Creditors

With a debt of £117,000 to face, a lesser man would have promptly sought refuge in bankruptcy. But not so Sir Walter, despite the fact that twelve days before the announcement of the Ballantyne failure he had an alarming attack of aphasia, and he knew quite well that he could not depend on his health.

To have had recourse to such an expedient, he notes in his diary, would have been to deserve to lose his spurs in a Court of Honour. Instead, if his creditors would allow him:

I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me.

And so well had he laboured for these creditors by the time of his death six years later that the debt was reduced to £54,000. Against this reduced sum was his life insurance of £22,000 and another £2,000 in the hands of his Trustees. Cadell advanced the remaining £30,000, and this liability in turn was finally discharged in 1847 by the handing over of the copyright of all Scott's works and of Lockhart's "Life."

Thus were "the odds squared" and something more than Scott's fondest hopes realised. For not only was Abbotsford free from all encumbrances and his name left "unstained," but there was also the added glamour and glory to be for ever his of the high-spirited courage and unselfish heroism displayed in retrieving what might well have seemed an overwhelming disaster.

"The magic wand of the Unknown" may have disappeared when it was no longer possible to keep up the pretence of a mystery about the authorship of the Waverley novels; but, instead, "the hack on the road" had transformed himself into a veritable Bayard of Letters "*sans peur and sans reproche*."

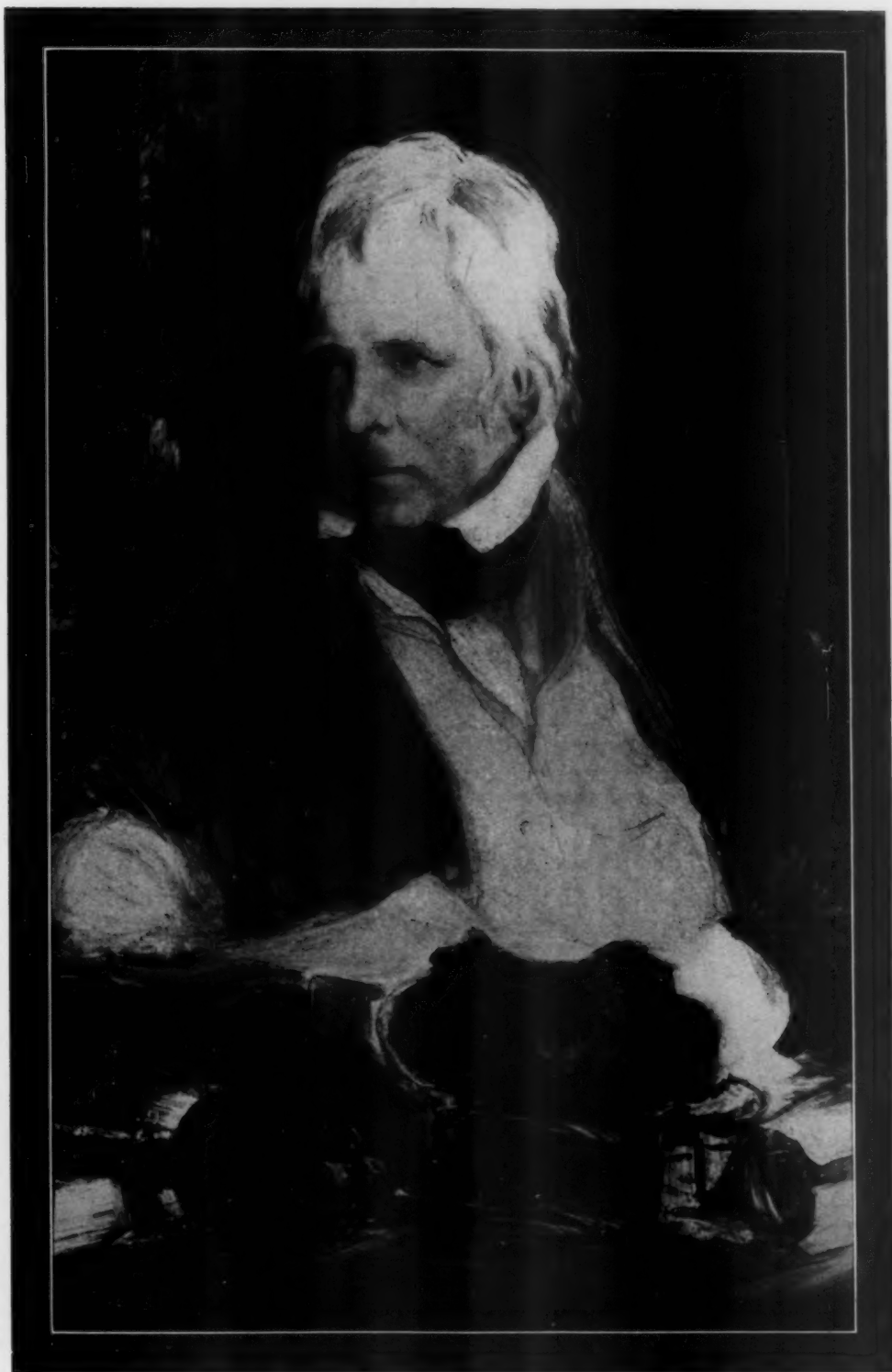


FORMAL STATEMENT

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

# SIR WALTER SCOTT



A great writer and a noble character





# O'Reilly Sees It Through

## A Drama in Four Acts

By HAMISH BLAIR

### PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Samuel Christenson, Indian Civil Service, Magistrate of Ponambong.  
 Joan Christenson, his wife.  
 Major Walter Smith, Indian Medical Service.  
 Mary Smith, his wife.  
 George Stephen, Agent of the Windsor Steamship Company.  
 Lesley Stephen, his wife.  
 Patrick O'Reilly, Inspector-General of Police.  
 His Excellency The Governor.  
 John Thornton, Indian Civil Service, Private Secretary.  
 Captain Adderley, A.D.C.  
 Thursoe Wilson, District Superintendent of Police, Ponambong.  
 Gerald Crossley, Assistant Superintendent of Police.  
 Rai Bahadur Tincowrie Mono, Marwari Money-lender and Capitalist.  
 Babu Protap Roy, the leading Zemindar of Ponambong.  
 Captain Dunne, Indian Army.  
 Issur Chunder, Barrister-at-Law.  
 Murray Belper, Principal of Ponambong College.  
*Gurkhas, bearers, khitmutgars, police, orderlies, lawyers, citizens, assassins, etc.*

### WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK

O'Reilly, taking the law into his own hands, inflicts summary justice on the Terrorists responsible for the murder of his friend Christenson, Magistrate of Ponambong. The ring-leaders are shot out of hand—with an exception.

### ACT 4, SCENE 1

[THREE DAYS AFTER]

The office of the D.S.P. (District Superintendent of Police) Ponambong. A plain, barely furnished room, with a moonj mat covering the floor. The furniture consists of two almirahs, or presses and a set of shelves containing despatch boxes. In the centre of the room a large square table with four chairs placed more or less in relation to it. An electric fan is whirling overhead. It is hot. A clock on the wall back stage shows the time as 11.30 a.m.

There are two doors to the room. One R with the legend "Assistant Superintendent" in black capitals over it. The other door L has no legend. On two sides of the room are portraits of King George and Queen Mary respectively.

Sitting at the table C and facing the audience is Thursoe Wilson, the D.S.P., whose acquaintance we made in the last Act. He is in mufti (a coloured cotton suit) as is Gerald Crossley, the A.S.P., who is sitting at the table on Wilson's right. Crossley is leaning back in his chair smoking a cigarette. Immediately after the rising of the curtain he hands Wilson a telegram he has been reading.

CROSSLEY: What an infernal mix-up!

WILSON: Yes, isn't it? (Reads with a savagely sardonic intonation) "Immediately on receipt of this you will arrest Inspector-General of Police on charges of wilful murder under Sections So-and-So. Stop. These instructions shall be your warrant for arrest. Stop. Report Home De-

partment Simla when arrest has been effected. Stop. Secretary, Home Department, Government of India." What next? I, the District Superintendent of Police, am ordered to place the head of my department under arrest! And for murder, of all the damn fool charges in the world? Can you beat it?

CROSSLEY: To arrest an I.G. of Police is simply not done.

WILSON: Not if we were living under a decent Government. But with an Indian in charge of the Home Department of the Government of India anything may happen. Especially as O'Reilly was—well, a bit hasty in bumping off these swine of crypto-Terrorists the other day.

CROSSLEY: Have you got to arrest him, then?

WILSON: Or be arrested myself—presumably by you!—for mutiny, *lèse majesté* and a few other crimes, to say nothing of more or less immediate dismissal from Government service. No, I'm afraid it's got to be done. And it's all the more sickening because O'Reilly only did off his own bat what the Courts would have ordered a few days later. All these cases were forfeit under the law. They all had loaded weapons, which some of them actually used with murderous intent. But because O'Reilly took the bit between his teeth and made an example of them which has sobered down the whole province, he is to be treated like a common criminal—and I of all people am called upon to arrest him! It's a direct encouragement to Terrorism.

CROSSLEY: He ought to be here by now. Didn't you say he was coming at 11?

WILSON: Yes, he said he wanted to see Tincowrie and Protap Roy at 11.30-ish and had fixed my office for the appointment. I hope they like it!

CROSSLEY: He's been racketing about all the morning in my car. Said his own had got too well known in the town—and borrowed mine.

WILSON: He's usually dead on time. I wonder what has delayed him.

CROSSLEY: Then you are going to arrest him at sight?

WILSON: That must depend. He's the last person to be rushed into anything—into prison of all places!

The door L is opened by a salaaming orderly, and O'Reilly comes in. His usually neat mufti is disordered and there is blood and dirt on his trousers. The D.S.P. and A.S.P. rise in greeting and stare at him. O'Reilly smiles reassuringly.

O'REILLY (throwing himself into the chair offered him by Crossley, who has vacated it): Thanks. I'm afraid I've damaged your car a bit, Crossley. But doubtless the Government will make it good.

CROSSLEY: What happened, sir?

O'REILLY: Oh, a collision, but not my fault, as it happened. I had been out as usual in the Angurmati direction and was returning to keep the fixture at this office. I was within a mile of the outskirts of the town when I spotted a high-powered car coming for me at a hell of a lick. I hooted, just to give him warning that 60 miles an hour was a bit too fast on these narrow roads—and to be quite safe pulled into the ditch on my left. He took absolutely no notice and, as he was heading straight for me, I got a hunch that he meant it. So I hopped out and plunged through the ditch into a field. By that time he was almost on my car. I don't know whether he saw me vacate, but in any case he couldn't have stopped himself. He caught my car—or rather yours, Crossley—head on, and he and his car turned very nearly a double somersault over it. It was a life-size illustration of what happens when an irresistible force meets an irremovable obstacle.

WILSON: The devil it was! They were determined to get you.

O'REILLY: Bedad they were! The big car landed on its back and went on fire. I came as near to it as I could, but couldn't save the driver from incineration. I imagine, however, that he must have broken his neck in the collision.

CROSSLEY: Serve the swine right!

WILSON (*with his hand on his call bell*): When did this happen?

O'REILLY: About an hour ago. There wasn't another soul within eyeshot. After taking all the bearings I could—and that wasn't much—I walked into the town and borrowed a bike from an obliging householder. Faith, they're all wonderfully obliging these days! I wonder what can have happened to them!

WILSON (*with a grin*): So do I. Crossley, will you take my car and run out to this place with a small bunch to help you. Did you get the number of the car, sir?

O'REILLY: L 4168. I doubt whether it's decipherable by now.

WILSON: That's an unfamiliar number. As quick as you can, Crossley, and let us have your report within the hour.

*Crossley goes out. Wilson turns to O'Reilly, who has lit a cigarette and nods his approval of the order.*

WILSON: Well, sir, that was another near thing. I'm damned glad you got clear. But it shows that these devils are still up to mischief.

O'REILLY (*coolly*): I fancy it was their last gamble. They won't give us any more trouble—after to-day.

WILSON: I'm glad you're so hopeful, O'Reilly. (*A pause during which he shifts uneasily in his chair, while O'Reilly eyes him with a humorous expression*) I say, sir, I've a damned unpleasant thing to tell you.

O'REILLY (*imperturbably*): I know. You have orders to arrest me.

WILSON (*taken aback*): Yes. How the devil do you know?

O'REILLY: I'll tell you presently. Meanwhile, let us see the instructions under which you "purport to act."

WILSON: With pleasure. Here is the wire from the Home Department in Simla.

*Hands him the telegram. O'Reilly takes it and glances over it.*

O'REILLY: I see they've sent it *en clair*. They might have paid me the compliment of coding it. However, if they prefer to advertise their own folly, it's no affair of mine.

*He reads, and his face expands into one of his rare grins.*

O'REILLY: So the weeding out of vermin is wilful murder in the eyes of Simla! Wilson, my boy, you have my sympathy. They've roped you in for a leading part in the most screaming farce in the history of this Gilbert and Sullivan administration.

WILSON (*embarrassed*): Well, what are we going to do about it?

O'REILLY (*ingenuously*): If I were you, Wilson, I'd do nothing for the next half hour or so. You see, I shall probably be adding to my crimes by killing the Arch-Terrorist in this very room this very morning; and I'd be loath to go to prison before I've done it.

WILSON (*scratching his head*): You're a funny bird, O'Reilly. One never knows whether you are serious or not. But if you are on for another killing this morning, you put me in a very difficult position.

O'REILLY: All right, Wilson. I'll put you out of your misery. You needn't arrest me at all. In fact, you won't.

WILSON: I'm relieved to hear it. Why?

O'REILLY: I'll tell you. (*Pulls a paper out of his pocket and hands it to the other.*) That's a decoded message from the Governor. Read it.

WILSON (*reads*): "Simla have ordered your arrest by police at Ponambong on charge of murdering Terrorists. Stop. My resignation has been cabled to London, and Simla has been informed that it will take effect at the same moment as your arrest. Stop. I take full responsibility for everything you have done. Stop. As head of the police you will instruct District Superintendent to ignore Home Department's order. Ends." Good for His Ex.! I would hardly have thought he had it in him.

O'REILLY: The position now is that, in accordance with the Governor's instructions, I forbid you to arrest me.

WILSON: Very good, sir. As you are still I.G. of Police, acting under special instructions from the Governor, I have no alternative but to obey your order.

O'REILLY: You are entirely in order in doing so. As a matter of fact, India have no right to butt in as they have done. But even if they have, that's a matter for them to fight out with our Governors. By the powers, I'd laugh if it came to that. But it won't, Wilson. If I know anything of the Simla mentality, they'll crumple up when it comes to a scrap.

Now, Wilson, let's get down to business. I've sent for Tincowrie Mono and Protap Roy to be here at 11.30. It's past that now, I see, but I think I can guess at their reasons for being late. One of these men will never go back to his home,



for he is the local brain of the all-India Terrorist conspiracy. The wretched boys who have done the killing—including the one who tried to run me down this morning—are simply his tools. He, of course, is only one of a dozen or so of these regional directors who are spread all over India. These regional directors are subject in their turn to a small junta of three or four super-conspirators who move in the highest circles, and flatter themselves that they are immune from suspicion or arrest. They're the damndest cowards, and if they thought their own necks were in danger they'd drop the Terror forthwith.

That's how we're going to put an end to Terrorism, Wilson. We're going to get the names of some of these men to-day—or else the Terrorist king of Ponambong is going to swing as high as Haman in full view of his fellow-citizens.

WILSON: By Jove! O'Reilly, you know how to deal with Orientals. It seems to be a lost art nowadays.

O'REILLY: I'm Irish, my boy. That's the secret. If you know Ireland, you've crossed the *pons asinorum* of Indian administration.

Now, Wilson, what I want ye to do is this. That's Crossley's room, isn't it? I will go into it and listen while you interview the two sportsmen I have summoned to meet me here. You can tell them I have been detained, ask them to wait and observe their reactions. Don't make any move good or bad until I come out—unless, of course, one or both of them turns violent, and then I'll be with you quick enough.

*The orderly brings in two cards to Wilson.*

WILSON (*reading*): Hullo! Mrs. Christenson and Mrs. Stephen! What on earth brings them here?

O'REILLY: Faith, I'm the guilty party. I told Joan Christenson that if she'd come down to your office this morning she'd see the capture or death of the rascal who really killed her husband. Thought it might comfort her, and she just leaving India for good. So here she is, and has brought little Mrs. Stephen to be company. Give them the salaam, Wilson, and they can stay with me in Crossley's room until we're ready to strike.

WILSON: *Memsahib-log-ko salaam do.*

*The orderly salutes and goes out. Presently Mrs. Christenson and Mrs. Stephen come in. Mrs. Christenson is still in white with a touch of black in her dress. She is calm, but looks more animated than in the second Act. Mrs. Stephen is turned out daintily and imparts an air of liveliness to the proceedings. They both shake hands with Wilson. Mrs. Stephen is the first to speak.*

Mrs. STEPHEN: What a dreary office! I thought George's was pretty bad, but this is worse. Is this where you put prisoners through—what d'you call it?—the Third Degree?

O'REILLY: No, Mrs. Stephen, but if you're lucky you may see someone hanged from that window.

Mrs. STEPHEN: How exciting! Are they Terrorists? I thought you had exterminated them all.

O'REILLY: All except one. If you and Joan will come into that room with me we shall have a front seat view of the proceedings. Only you must be very quiet. Don't make a sound. Come along, ladies.

*He opens the door of the room R and bows them in, ready to follow himself. Just as he is about to enter he comes half way back to the table, where Wilson has again seated himself.*

O'REILLY (*in a stage whisper*): Will you have a piece of rope handy, Wilson? And then call up your office sweeper. It's very important.

*He disappears inside the room. Wilson rings a bell and on the orderly answering it speaks a few words to him in Hindustani. The orderly once more salutes and goes out, returning presently with two more cards. Wilson looks at them.*

WILSON: *Dono babu-log salaam do.*

*The orderly goes out and ushers in Protap Roy and Tincowrie Mono, each glaring at the other.*

(To be concluded).

## SPORTEX

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## CORRESPONDENCE

## White Paper and Red Plot

SIR,—Subject to local and temporary variations, history repeats itself. The furore with which our framers of India's fate are rushing to their own doom recalls the tale of the Gaderene swine, hurled by the Legion of devils they had honoured as allies "down a steep place into the lake," there to sink without trace.

Let us first take stock of the situation now created by this array of self-deluded statesmen under the Ramsay MacDonald obsession. Parliament will shortly find itself faced, not with entrancing visions, but inescapable facts. These are:

*First.* That after more than four years of toying with Indian problems, organised Political Opinion in India flung the gift of a constitution in the teeth of its donors.

*Second.* That the sole exponent of that Opinion is the self-styled "National" Congress, all other groups except the All-India Muslim Confederation (just as intransigent in its own way) being either negligible or differentiated only as to degree of intensity of their anti-British "aspirations."

*Third.* That two successive Viceroys recognise Congress as sole heir to the shattered sceptre of the King-Emperor, notwithstanding that under Gandhi it is committed to Terrorism—in other words to extermination by bomb and revolver of every European servant of the Crown, its tools for the purpose being schoolboys and girls in their teens, and every murder being publicly extolled as "selfless patriotism."

*Fourth.* That it repudiates every financial obligation inherited from the outgoing Government of India—interest on loans raised in England, dividends on British investments in India, pensions to ex-British officers, etc., these claims being wiped out by a counterclaim from Congress upon the British Treasury for repayment of £1,265 millions sterling, alleged to have been criminally misappropriated yearly since 1857 by the English rulers of India (a claim tacitly recognised by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and a first instalment paid over on account in the current year).

*Fifth.* That India's finances, strained to breaking-point under the Montagu Dyarchy, are bound to collapse under the far costlier régime of the new constitution.

*Sixth.* That Congress has not endeared itself to the Indian Princes by its avowed determination to dethrone them and send them to work as coolies on the roads of India (late British) India.

*Seventh.* That the alternative cajolery, bribery and bullying employed by the present Viceroy to drive the Princes into a federation with the "rakil-râj" of Congress only serves to provoke resentment and defeats its own object.

The above by no means exhausts the subject; but it suffices to raise the question: What is the *method* guiding this obvious madness? There is more behind and beneath it than meets the eye.

If India is to be surrendered, who stands to gain thereby? To ask the question is to answer it; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as an ex-schoolmaster and a lifelong pro-Muscovite cannot be so ignorant of Russian history as not to know that Russia's designs upon India, first suggested by Napoleon and incorporated in the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, have been persistent ever since. She has acquired a dominant influence at Kábul, and Afghanistan is the only Asiatic Power that has dared for centuries to invade British India. Her own frontier-line has been advanced till it marches with that of British India, and her Bolshevik propaganda in India itself is intolerable.

Yet his friendship for Russia and his zeal for the Soviet cause are undisguised. When the second Round Table Conference failed to rise to its task of drafting a constitution, it was he—the author of the Leeds manifesto of 1917 and the hero of the General Strike of 1926—who

undertook it and now stands forth as its author, while clamouring that "by hook or by crook, diplomatic relations must be established with Russia." Had he forgotten the Zinoviev letter, the treachery of Arcos, or his own homely admission that it took a "lang spune to sup with the de'il"? What of his pathetic lament over the death of the miscreant Lajpat Rai—a rebel and traitor if ever there was one? "I am very much shocked," said he to a reporter; "he was my very old friend—the most single-minded Indian I have ever known. It is a great loss to India!"

On the 5th of December, 1930—a few days before Lord Irwin's "entrancing vision" at Calcutta, Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob told an Oxford audience that Young India's demand for the Indianisation of the Army by offering it to the extent of 50 per cent. by cadets drawn from the non-martial races would bring down the whole military structure of India's defence with a crash."

What more diplomatic than to give Young India its own way in the matter! As Sir Claud Jacob points out, it can only operate to enhance "the peril with which the peace of India is faced by the insidious invasion by agents of Russia."

JOHN ALFRED WYLLIE  
(Lt.-Col. Indian Army, Retired).

Mont' Estoril, Portugal.

## The India Defence League

SIR,—In the *Saturday Review* an appeal "for the support of all patriotic people in its struggle to defend our Indian Empire from becoming a second Ireland" was inserted.

I wonder whether the appeal is made only to the people of England or to the people of the British Empire. If the latter be the case, I shall be obliged if you will give me some information about the League.

I do not know whether I can be of any help to your league; but your appeal has an object which every man in India cannot ignore in the light of the attitude of the British Politician on the Indian Reforms.

It is a very depressing fact for those who know that these proposed reforms will only throw India into chaos, if given, that the Conservatives have adopted the J.C.R. without even discussing the report in detail. However, I am not going to air my views here. Please let me have any information you can give me.

S. A. RAO.  
Telaprole Estate, Nuzvid, Kistna District,  
Madras Presidency.

[The appeal referred to was in an advertisement of the India Defence League and was, of course, addressed to patriotic people in India as well as in England.—Ed.]

## "Mother India" and Our M.P.'s

SIR,—Having served twenty-one years in the East, both as a soldier and a civilian, makes me conclude that the average M.P. knows little or nothing about India. I would suggest that Lady Houston make a present of a copy of "Mother India" by Katherine Mayo to each M.P., only on the condition that they promise to read it. Then let them vote again according to their conscience before this shameful surrender takes place.

Wishing you every success in your work of proclaiming the truth and praying that this country will wake up before it is too late.

CONSERVATIVE.

## More Congratulations

SIR,—I have been reading your paper for several months now, and I should like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on it.

It is pleasant to read a paper nowadays which is not afraid to say what it thinks.

Best wishes to Lady Houston in her fight for the Empire.

B. LINDON,  
Cambridge.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## Tribute to our Empire Pages

SIR,—“The Empire Week By Week” in the *Saturday Review* may yet atone for body line bowling, rabbits and Alsatian dogs (sheep killers).

The neglect of Australian news by British papers has always been a scandal. Back in the early “nineties,” Fletcher of the *Daily Chronicle* was wise enough to brighten the pages of that journal with interesting information from Australia, but his example has never been followed to any appreciable extent.

To-day London newspapers assess Hollywood scandals as far ahead of Empire news in value.

If I know anything—and even if wisdom lingers, a little knowledge does come during the course of the years—Lady Houston and the *Saturday Review* will become names of honour in Australian ears. My special thanks are due for the list of arrivals.

S. J. REA.

41, Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

## The Moral of Wavertree

SIR,—The real significance of the votes cast for Mr. Randolph Churchill lies in the fact that 45 per cent. of the Conservative voters were prepared to think of country and Empire rather than of Party in spite of the official Conservative organization in Liverpool being probably the strongest in the country.

This result was achieved after two weeks' work by this candidate and it is a fair assumption that had Mr. Churchill been able to devote two months of effort in expounding the principles of true Conservatism, as opposed to the counterfeit variety for which Mr. Baldwin stands, he might easily have been returned at the top of the poll.

The worst taint of official Conservatism today is the mistaken belief that mass bribery and mob appeal are likely to attract votes and that, from a party standpoint, patriotism and imperialism are of less value than internationalism, defeatism and pacifism.

This destructive taint is the result of the insinuation of the death watch beetle of Socialism into the fabric of the Central Office and therefore of the Conservative Parliamentary Party.

As far as the electorate is concerned we saw that at the last General Election those who voted for real Conservatism were in a great majority. But this majority did not expect that the 500 Conservatives sent to Westminster would consent to be burdened with, sterilized and vitiated by the presence of a Socialist Prime Minister who had, as head of a Socialist Administration, been doing his best for two years to bring down in ruins the financial, industrial and economic structure of the nation.

Neither did the electors expect or vote for the packing of the Cabinet with the flotsam and jetsam of discredited Socialism and decrepit and moribund Liberalism. It was these acts of betrayal which rendered the so-called National Government suspect from the outset and it was no matter for surprise, therefore, that a series of moral as well as actual defeats at by-elections followed this self-destructive folly.

To-day, when the National Government is not engaged in disintegrating the Empire in India, or elsewhere, it is making frantic efforts to curry favour with that section of the electorate, whose votes it can never get, by offering bribes at the expense of the taxpayers, otherwise of industry.

Seldom to-day does a Government mandarin make a speech outside the House of Commons which does not reek of a recital of what the Government has done and is doing for the masses in the matter of wasting the reserves of industry upon hoped-for vote-catching. This dishonest and self-destructive futility has become intensive ever since the General Election of 1929.

Unless the Central Office can be purged of that synthetic Conservatism which merely plays into the hands of the Socialist Party and unless a real Conservative leader can be found to supplant Mr. Baldwin whose only genius is that for losing elections, there cannot be the remotest chance of the success of the Conservative Party at the next General Election.

58, Welbeck Street, W.1.

PHILIP H. DAVEN.

## A Tonic By-Election

SIR,—Congratulations to Mr. Randolph Churchill for his truly wonderful effort in the by-election at Liverpool, and also to the *Saturday Review* for the lead it gives to the Conservatives of the country.

Four months in France have brought home to me, better than anything else could have, the greatness of the British Empire. But one low-down betrayal engineered by the Government of to-day, has begun to be noticed abroad, and doubts are being expressed as to whether our Empire will hold together in time of stress.

This by-election has come as a tonic to all doubters, and has shown that the spirit which made our Empire is not yet dead, and the advertisement given will go a long way to relieve the anxieties of those who feared this possibility.

Long live Lady Houston and those who have the courage to stand up for our Empire and our traditions. May Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his fellow traitors receive the treatment they deserve at the hands of the electors of the future.

Good luck to the *Saturday Review* in its great work—I give it and its cause all the support I can of whatever kind and I know of many young people of my age who will willingly do the same.

MERVYN S. PRESTON.

44, Rue Carnot, Poitiers, Vienne, France.

## What is Wanted

SIR,—May I suggest that what the country needs is not a “New Deal,” but a “Fresh Pack.”

M. WILLIS.

36, West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

## So Should We

SIR,—I should like to see your paper in every home in the Empire.

Swallows Nest, Friday Street,  
Nr. Eastbourne.

Cecil De Winton.

## Cruelties of Fashion

SIR,—I have recently investigated two cases of outstanding barbarity. The first relates to Broadtail (which is the prematurely born of the Persian lamb).

In certain parts of Russia the mother sheep are beaten with iron rods, about a hundred blows being given, to induce the premature birth of broadtail. These newly born lambs are then skinned alive in order to obtain their very fine soft fur.

I am informed that an American firm has made 30 million dollars in ten years by these abominable practices. The above information has actually been obtained from a member of the fur trade, who for obvious reasons wishes to remain incognito.

Furs sold as American broadtail are, however, all right, as they are made from much larger skins which are shaved. The second case relates to reptiles. Some time ago a film was being sold called “The treatment of Serpent Skins,” in French.

The locality was Malaya; the snakes were snared, drugged, and quite helpless; they were then skinned alive for the suppleness of the skin. Is it not horrible? I have made enquiries to find out if this film is still on sale, but it appears to have been withdrawn.

Women can have no idea of the tortures inflicted on certain creatures, animals, reptiles, and even birds, for the sake of their personal adornment. I therefore hope that they will continue to write to me for copies of my Fur Crusade Leaflet, which includes a White List of furs that have been humanely obtained.

C. VAN DER BYL (Major).

(The Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign).  
Wottonham, Towcester.

## “Germany's Aims”

SIR,—It may interest “Betsy Frigg” to know that the Baroness Von Der Goltz is a close personal friend of mine. The Baroness has one noble aim in life, namely to cement a firm alliance between Britain and Germany, and so assure World Peace.

418a, Sireatham High Road.

ROBERT HADDEN.

S.W.10.



## Interpreting Germany

VARIOUS interpretations of Germany as she is constituted under Herr Hitler have already been published. Most of them have been written from a point of view. As a rule they are frankly propagandist, one set painting the portrait of an apostle, the other that of a devil. An independent or at any rate a much less biased line is taken by Mr. George N. Shuster in "Strong Man Rules" (D. Appleton-Century Company, 7s. 6d.).

It is a book well worth reading and, unlike so many works of this kind, it is easy to read because of its racy and often witty way of putting things. Opening the first pages of the volume at random, I came across this sentence: "British statesmen supposed the barrels of reparation money would roll out of the Ruhr as fast as kegs of Guinness come thumping out of a Dublin brewery." I smiled, but I confess I was interested in the book from that moment.

Despite the Irish atmosphere suggested by the words quoted above, Mr. Shuster is an American, and his interpretation of Germany to-day is based on a long personal study of that country and an intimate knowledge of the factors which contributed to Hitler's success. He describes the Leader as a "politician of quite unusual ability," who understands how to "capitalise his own emotions and those of others," a phrase as fine as it is true. But he finds that the strength of Hitlerism lies in the fact that it was and is a disciplined political army.

### Why Hitler Won

A book of a different class, with an interpretation of Germany of its own, is "The Secret of Hitler's Victory" (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.), by Peter and Irma Petroff, husband and wife, who, we are told on the "jacket," worked for many years with the German Socialists, but at one time were Russian Communists. They apply themselves to answer the question: How was it that the apparently mighty forces of the German Left fell in one night without resistance before Hitler?

The German Left was weak—too weak. The Weimar Republic was anything but strong, and the combination supporting it had nothing dynamic about it. The Socialists were pacifists and anxious to give offence to nobody, and there was no class solidarity with the Communists, whose policy was dictated by Moscow, and was distinctly hostile to them. In Germany the Socialists and the Communists, then, had nothing in common, and thus they were utterly unable to present a united opposition to Hitler.

There is nothing new in the foregoing statement, but it is well expressed in this book. Mr. Shuster thinks it improbable that Hitler will wage war; the Petroffs, however, point out that "Prussian militarism is alive," and they believe that the Nazis will never cease striving to "unite all Germans under the swastika"—which, of course, means war, soon or late. What would bring it soon, they state, is any speedy revision of the Versailles Treaty, for that would greatly strengthen Hitler.

R.M.

## Sovietising Siberia

M. PIERRE DOMINIQUE is a French journalist, who has written on Russia before, but in his latest book (translated into English by Mr. Warre B. Wells) he deals mainly with the results of Soviet experiment in Western Siberia and Turkestan. ("Secrets of Siberia," Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).

He presents us with the sort of picture one might expect. Prodigious effort both in the agricultural and industrial spheres and precious little to show for it except magnificent buildings and even more magnificent figures of output some day to come!

Tractorstroi at Cheliabinsk has produced nothing yet, nor has Uralmachinstroi at Sverdlovsk; such is the fact of the matter. These factories are working, of course; but at what cost? If they were working at their full output, if they entered into competition with Western factories to-morrow, could they stand up to that competition? For my part, I can only suspect considerable subsidies from the State, for without them I am afraid neither of these two great enterprises could make ends meet.

Generally speaking, throughout Siberia, the smaller workshops and factories function infinitely better than the immense new factories. But you had better not tell the Russians so. They would only take what you say for an insult.

As for the agricultural "drive" there is much the same tale to tell.

The great State farms, the *Sovkoz*, have proved a success—simply because "they have illimitable credits behind them." But they are only "capable of supplying a few factories and contributing to the provisioning of a certain number of co-operative stores."

### The Peasant Factor

As for the *Kolkhoz* or peasant collectivities, by means of which the Soviet hoped both to increase the numbers of its proletariat and to find them food supplies, M. Dominique's comment on this is short and to the point: "The collectivised peasant has done well for himself, but whether the State is well served is another matter."

The collectivised peasant is at least sure of food, but he shows no particular zest for work.

To the chagrin of Stalin and his "comrades," moreover, the much-persecuted *Kulak* is bobbing up again serenely.

Since 1917 two *élites* have developed in Russia: on the one hand, the officials, the engineers, and specialist workmen, the officers; and on the other hand the *kulaks*.

The first group have kept the tips of their toes on the Soviet line. The *kulaks* appeared to stray from it and to be evolving towards the idea of a peasant democracy. They were destroyed. But, under the heel of the bureaucratic boot, they are growing up again like weeds. In the villages, just the same as in the towns, an upper class is taking shape; and that of the villages will win the day.

M. Dominique says that the peasant masses of the Soviet Union are still as poor as they used to be, but "they are becoming every day less ignorant and better organised. That is the danger of to-morrow for the Soviets. They are well aware of it." As a result the counter activity of the Soviets is intense, whole villages of refractory peasants being deported from their homes *en bloc*.

## MUSIC NOTES

## ECLIPSE OF ENGLISH OPERA

By Herbert Hughes

WITHIN the last few days Covent Garden has issued its prospectus for the coming season, not under the aegis of the existing Syndicate, but under that of the London and Provincial Opera Society Ltd., which we are told is a body acting by arrangement with the Royal Opera House Co., Ltd. This is pure technicality, of course, and is presumably concerned with finance, Sir Thomas Beecham remaining as director of the projected season and Mr. Geoffrey Toye as Managing Director. What immediately concerns opera-lovers is the programme, and this—within its limits—should be delightful if the artists involved are up to sample.

We are to have a preliminary Wagner-Rossini season, opening with *Lohengrin* and including, besides, the four operas of *Der Ring* in sequence, *Tristan*, *La Cenerentola*, *Italiana in Algeri*, and *Il Barbiere*. After that follows *Schwanda*, *Carmen*, and *Prince Igor*, the last in conjunction with Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet Company. This newly formed Society has certain provincial schemes ahead in addition to an Autumn season at Covent Garden; but for the coming season at Covent Garden, when the Jubilee will be celebrated by a special gala performance, you will not see a single native name among the singers announced—a few, no doubt, will appear later among the also ran—nor is any English work to be produced.

Chauvinism, especially in the form of persistent propaganda, can be not only intolerably boring, but wrong. England has not produced best-sellers in opera, apart from the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, and Wallace's *Maritana*, the last two relegated to the provinces. The reasons were dynastic and social rather than those involving the creative virility of the artist. After Purcell's time Italian opera came in with a tremendous swing, and we know what happened in Handel's time—rival entrepreneurs at each other's throats. But the English repertory is by no means stuffy and dry, nor is it really properly explored.

Why should not Covent Garden in this year of celebration not unearth one or two of the Jacobite and Carolean masques that made operatic history, reconstruct them where necessary, and present them with all the collaboration of their artistic intelligences? Why should not *Dido and Aeneas* of Purcell and *The Perfect Fool* of Holst be produced as a workable pair? Why not others of Stanford and Vaughan Williams that have never been seen except as student performances? And what of Goossens?

In this connection I have been turning over the score of *The Tempest*, Nicholas Gatty's recently published opera (Stainer & Bell: 10s.) with particular interest. Dr. Gatty is no rebel against operatic or harmonic conventions, and to this Shakespeare text (adroitly put into three acts by his brother, Reginald Gatty) he has written music that at all times fits the situation.

## GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

## BERLIOZ AND D'INDY

Reviewed by Herbert Hughes

IN this country the music of Hector Berlioz is just getting into its stride, while that of Vincent D'Indy halts a bit and waits for approval. Roughly speaking, Berlioz has required brilliant and grandiose performances backed by speculative impresarios, and D'Indy has required only eclectic audiences. Neither has been easy in England, and it has been due to the individual enthusiasms and opportunities of Sir Hamilton Harty and Sir Thomas Beecham—and practically to them only—that the general musical public is becoming aware of Berlioz's almost incomparable vitality. During his years with the Halle Orchestra in Manchester, Harty did memorable work, and Beecham scarcely lets a season go by without giving London audiences something of Berlioz well worth remembering.

In the Columbia catalogue this month you will find "The Corsair" Overture of Berlioz played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Harty's direction (D.X. 664). You do not need to be a wild devotee of Berlioz to realise that this is one of the most brilliant overtures written by any composer at any period. And how often do we have a chance of hearing it? According to my authority it was written about 1844 and revised in 1855, and to-day it has all the arresting qualities of forked lightning, with charm and romance and lovely scoring thrown in. The playing here, one need hardly emphasise, is up to Harty's best form and the L.P.O.'s.

## Mountaineer's Song

Vincent D'Indy's work is the Symphony for Orchestra and Piano founded on a French mountaineer's song, a work dating from the 'eighties. When I first heard this lovely and interesting work played by the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris nearly thirty years ago it sounded so novel to my ears as almost to suggest a new musical aesthetic. Debussy's star was well in the ascendant at the time, yet Franck's pupil seemed to be saying things very personal to himself, bringing a quality into orchestral colour that had not been there before (and this without the harmonic revolutionariness of his contemporary, Debussy). D'Indy, fine and original worker as he was, has been passed over by the younger generation, especially of post-War breed, and that early impression has a little faded. Yet it definitely takes its place as a creative work of its epoch and these three discs made by the Colonne Symphony Orchestra (of Paris), conducted by Paul Paray, with Marguerite Long as solo pianist, are things for the connoisseur's library. (The numbers are L.X. 362-4).

A record I would specially commend to those who have a taste for good English songs intelligently sung is numbered D.B. 1489, also in Columbia's list. The songs are Peter Warlock's "As ever I saw" and "The Passionate Shepherd" and the singer, Parry Jones.



**BROADCASTING**

# The Crime of Complacency

By Alan Howland

THE B.B.C. is never more amusing than when it is on the defensive. Its first instinct is to fall into a clinch, claim a foul and retire weeping to its corner. At the present moment the broadcasting boys are tearfully indignant because they have been accused of being complacent. Choking back their sobs they complain that such an accusation is unfair simply because it is unanswerable.

Their argument seems to be that if a competent critic says they are complacent he is merely stating his own individual point of view and is, therefore, wrong and cowardly, but that if twenty listeners write congratulatory letters they are obviously right and just. The brilliant logician who devised this defence did not think it necessary to point out that each of the twenty congratulatory listeners, inasmuch as he was expressing merely his individual point of view was equally wrong and unreliable.

But any sort of casuistry is good enough to bring the sunshine back again into the eyes of the happy possessors of a *mens conscia recti*.

Unfortunately, however, their apologist went a step further in his endeavour to shield these delicate plants from the cold blasts of criticism. In effect he says, "it is not fair to criticise the B.B.C. for not putting on an orchestral concert every night because it is not everybody who wants an orchestral concert every night."

This argument achieves the unique distinction of being doubly fallacious. In the first place it assumes implicitly that it is the object of the B.B.C. to please everybody every night, which even the B.B.C. itself denies. In the second place it entirely fails to appreciate the real force of the accusation of complacency. The accusation is, not that the B.B.C. is content to put on orchestral or other performances every night, but that the B.B.C. is content to put on second-rate orchestral or other performances every night.

### Self-Satisfaction

The fact is that the B.B.C. is entirely satisfied with the quality of its programme and any listener who does not agree is a wrong-headed cad. The B.B.C. cannot therefore skate round the charge, seriously brought by more than one competent critic, that it is complacent and contemptuous.

To adorn the tale, there were four evening performances last week, two orchestral and two of a lighter nature, which were very little above the standard set on Speech Day at any decent Public School, but it is not the slightest use my saying so because it is the expression of my personal opinion and therefore not to be weighed against the collective opinion of the brilliant and entirely disinterested people who actually devised and supervised the programmes themselves. Complacent! Ye Gods!

# Art in the Salerooms

By James A. Kilpatrick

THE season of art sales has opened remarkably well, and the prospect for collectors is better than it has been for several years. The capacious storerooms at Christie's and Sotheby's have been filling up earlier than usual, and the foreign buyers are reassembling in London. There was a group of them at Sotheby's for the sale of Rembrandt etchings.

### A Good Total

The late Alexander Gody's collection contained 250 of the great Dutch artist's prints, which brought in about £4,000, several of them fetching from £120 to £170 each. Considering that Rembrandt made little or nothing out of his etchings, and generally gave them away to his friends, that was a very good auction total. Had the better-known examples been in the very rare early states, however, they might have made a saleroom history, for I can well remember such Rembrandt rarities selling for over £1,000 a piece ten or twelve years ago.

The interesting event of this week was the sale at Sotheby's of the varied collection of the late Frederick Crisp. Crisp was an antiquary and genealogist with an odd taste for bygones, memorial rings, and other relics, but a connoisseur's liking for old Lowestoft china. He contrived to gather together no fewer than 1,400 memorial rings of periods ranging from Charles II down to William IV, some of them commemorating the deaths of Garrick, Scott, Byron, Gainsborough, and Nelson. It was a common practice, in the eighteenth century especially, for gold mourning rings to be bequeathed to friends, and one testator, several of whose gift rings were in the Crisp collection, mentioned in his will the names of 73 friends who were to receive such keepsakes.

But Crisp's flair was for Lowestoft china. He wrote extensively on the subject, and made his own purchases with discrimination. He was able to secure several pieces of the Browne wedding



service [Browne was one of the original partners in the Lowestoft factory] the "Judas" punch-bowl, the Bowness armorial jug, and the celebrated mug with the arms of the Blacksmiths' Company, bearing the motto: "By Hammer and Hand all Arts doth stand." He also possessed thirteen of the twenty-eight surviving birth tablets which were an early product of the factory.

The most attractive of the picture sales so far arranged is that of the collection of Sir Godfrey Macdonald of the Isles at Christie's. It will be interesting to see how the market reacts to the offer of his four Lancrets, the French painter's charming set of "Les Heures du Jour." Lancret was so close a follower of Watteau that the latter said some very hard things about his disciple's "ape-like" imitations; but those asperities have certainly not affected Lancret's place in the market. His little conversation-pieces, such as those to be sold, are always in demand—the more so now that the small picture, whether by the old master or the most rabid modernist, is in favour with the buyers. Our best display of Lancret's work is in the Wallace Collection.

The Macdonald pictures also include two good portraits by Reynolds, a small Rubens, river scenes by Jan van Goyen, Soloman van Ruisdael, and other Dutch masters of landscape, and an exuberant Jan Steen of a bridal couple returning

from church. A pair of hunting scenes by George Morland come from the collection of Victor Emanuel, of Rockingham Castle, and there is a Murillo that was formerly owned by Louis Philippe.

Next month there will be modern pictures for the collector, notably works of the Victorians that take us back to the Grosvenor Gallery days of Millais, Alma-Tadema, and their contemporaries. Some of these are from the collection of the late Lord Lawrence of Kingsgate, and there are others that belonged to the late Lady Battersea, whose collection of Chinese porcelain and old English and French furniture is also being disposed of.

### Beautiful Glass

Collectors of old English drinking-glasses will welcome the opportunity afforded at Christie's next week of adding some rarity to their store from the last portion of the well-known Francis collection. Mr. Grant Francis made an exceptionally fine assemblage of these glasses, and though his greatest rarities were quickly bought up by connoisseurs in earlier sales, there still remain important Jacobite and other engraved examples. One of these is a beautiful glass commemorating the birth of "Bonnie" Prince Charlie, and there is a goblet originally owned by Cluny Macpherson, who sheltered the Prince on Loch Erich side after the battle of Culloden.

## MOTORING

# Give New Cars a Chance

By Sefton Cummings

**T**HERE were days years ago when every motor-car was delivered fit to drive from the door as fast as one dared. There are certain very expensive makes about of which one might say much the same thing to-day.

But the average car, as everyone knows, is not delivered in such a condition. It needs to be run in. The reason for this is obvious. Competition is so great and price cutting so fine, and—one might almost say—the public so foolish, that, in order to compete in sales value the average manufacturer is compelled to make the purchaser do some of the work that his own staff could do much better themselves.

### Self-control the Secret

That is the situation, for better or worse. And whether it is for better or worse depends entirely on the self control of the purchaser.

All this is old stuff; but I make no apology for bringing it up again, because there is still a lot to be taught on the subject.

You will notice that I used the words "self control." I might have used the words "self restraint." Actually, I did, but I altered them. There was a reason for this, which I will try to explain, because it is the crux of the whole matter and the driver who appreciated the difference and acts up to it will own the car which lasts.

When a purchaser receives delivery of a new car he will be given an instruction sheet telling him how many miles an hour he may drive on each speed for the first five hundred miles. He will also be told what I am about to explain now, but in nine cases out of ten, if he be an inexperienced driver, he will neglect this advice.

There is in running in a car, as in doing anything else, always the common sense factor. Without going into technicalities it can be said that allowing a new car (or any other car to a lesser extent) to strain when climbing a hill does as much or more harm than allowing the engine to rev. too fast. So, if tempted to delay changing gear, do not be consoled by the fact that you are doing considerably less than the maximum allowed speed.

Of course you are. But there are other parts of a car which are likely to give trouble later apart from the engine, and, if you ignore this, you are straining not only the engine but every part of the transmission as well. If you persist, you will find to your cost one day that a slack transmission will tear your engine to pieces and, no matter how careful you thought you had been to avoid cylinder wear and bearing trouble, you have got both with a good many other troubles thrown in.

## CINEMA

## WIG AND THE RUFFLE

By Mark Forrest

IT has always been a debatable point whether the public in this country really like costume pieces and, of course, it is a question quite impossible to answer with any degree of certainty; but I have no doubt that after periods of slick comedy or tawdry crime the cinemagoer turns with relief to a picture which is modish. Unfortunately the moment the astute producer has gauged the psychological second and produced the periwigged rabbit from the satin top-hat, every other producer tries to perform the same trick in the shortest time possible, and they cannot realise (or profess that they cannot) why the public should suddenly turn the cold shoulder and leave them holding two unsaleable articles, namely a periwigged rabbit and a satin hat.

What brought these reflections to my mind is the new film at the Tivoli, *The Dictator*, the scenario of which has been written by a distinguished playwright, Mr. Benn Levy, and the direction of which is in the capable hands of Mr. Saville. No expense has been spared—indeed I have been informed that so much as £120,000 has been spent on the production—in reconstructing this romantic story of the rise of an obscure doctor to the position of dictator at the time when Caroline Mathilde, sister of George III, contracted a forced marriage with Christian VII of Denmark, who is excellently played by Emlyn Williams.

## Too Late for Praise

Had this film been the first of the last spate of costume pictures I have no doubt that the critics would have devoured it with more enthusiasm but, coming as it does, when the snows on the mountains have almost melted and there is not much more water to come down, the stream is approaching normality and comparisons arise with its first fierce onslaughts.

Undoubtedly both Mr. Levy's script and Mr. Saville's direction are too ponderous and there is little humour in the telling of this tale, though Helen Haye gives the Queen Mother's tongue a cutting edge. The charm, too, which should accompany a romance that has something in common with *The Prisoner of Zenda* is somewhat forced, and the lovers lack abandon; for neither Clive Brook nor Madeleine Carroll, while they look well enough, give one the impression that they are moved by an irresistible love which takes no heed of the inevitable ending—namely the loss of the dictator's head.

Perhaps it is that the spark is missing to light the straw, but I feel that the straw has been left out uncovered too long so that it has become so damp that only a can of petrol would ignite it.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

WILLY FORST'S Viennese Sensation of Europe

"MASKERADE" (A)

with Paula Wessely.

## THEATRE

## DEATH PENALTY PROBLEMS

"At 8 a.m."

Embassy Theatre

By Jan Fabricius

IN choosing as the theme of his play capital punishment and the hours immediately preceding the carrying out of such a sentence, the author invites controversy. There can, however, be no two opinions as to the care he has taken in the handling of his subject; at no moment in the play could even the most sensitive have been offended. But I have not quite decided whether Mr. Fabricius intended "At 8 a.m." to be propaganda or "good theatre." If the former, he was, I feel, not strong enough—if the latter he is to be congratulated.

He had an admirable cast to support him. Mr. Wyndham Goldie's performance as the Governor of the Prison was outstanding; one suffered with him the misery of trying to reconcile his own emotions with those demanded of him in his official position; at no moment did he put a foot wrong in a part that was full of snares for the unwary.

There was, too, an extremely able performance by Antony Shaw in the part of a county Sheriff who worshipped at the shrine of Public Opinion. Evan Thomas made the most lovable character of the prison doctor who had become resigned to his job, and Alexander Archdale aroused all my sympathy in the part of the prison chaplain whose perplexity in trying to reconcile his beliefs with the law of the land was most moving.

Shirley Bax's study of the society woman who must do something to help the poor prisoners was brilliant and two small parts—that of a warder and a prison engineer were played by Jack Angelo and Paul Farrell respectively with unusual success.

Marda Vanne did not quite succeed in the difficult part of the Governor's wife and I wish that Ruth Wynne Owen had allowed us to hear what she was saying as Jenny. The production by Mr. John Fernald was admirable.

## The International One-Act Play Theatre

KINGSWAY THEATRE

"A Fool and His Money" (Laurence Housman) "The Master of the House" (Stanley Houghton) and "The Rising of the Moon" (Lady Gregory) were the three one-act plays chosen for performance last Sunday evening.

The first and the last were trifling, being little more than somewhat dull and unconvincing duologues.

But in the second, Stanley Houghton has written an excellent little play. The story of the old invalid who, even after death and in spite of grasping relatives, remained Master of the House, is well-told; every action of every character is natural and inevitable and the dramatic sense is sustained throughout.

The cast was admirable—especially Cyril Gardiner and Derek Cotter and the author was very well served by Andrew Cruikshank who produced.

C.S.



# The Empire Week by Week

## Air Mission to Australia

By Geoffrey Tebbutt.

IT has been well said that the people concerned with aviation have not yet learned to think in big enough figures.

In this respect, Australia has not, until recently, received a very encouraging lead from Great Britain. Now, in the hope of imbuing Australia with Britain's new conception of civil aviation development, the joint Air Ministry-Post Office delegation begins discussions at Brisbane next week.

Without Imperial co-operation, it will be impossible to fulfil, within two years, the project to despatch all first-class Empire mails by air at a flat rate of 1½d. a half-ounce.

The delegation will be confronted with the Australian financial obstacle of great distance and small populations. Everyone wants to see airmail surcharges abolished, but the financial situation is scarcely strong enough to justify the expectation that the Commonwealth will immediately bring itself into line.

The volume of internal air mail in Australia, except between capital cities, is likely to remain small. Even with a surcharge, it cannot be carried as a self-supporting undertaking. How then, asks the Australian Post Office, can we undertake to despatch mail from Sydney to London without surcharge, while imposing a surcharge on aerial letters between, say, Cloncurry and Darwin?

### Economics and Geography

Australia has produced more than a fair percentage of the greatest airmen in the world. Flying conditions there, taken as a whole, are probably, the world's best. Yet factors of economics and geography have kept her aerial progress spasmodic; only now are large and fast commercial aircraft coming into use.

I am not, however, unhopeful that the mission will achieve much of its purpose. The England-Melbourne air race has produced, in the country of its origin, a great awakening; it has produced the same awakening here, though official circles are, as a rule, prone to deny it. If the British delegates are sufficiently insistent upon the rosiness of a near future in which passengers and mails will travel from London to Sydney in a week, over a route adequately equipped, they will probably find the Commonwealth willing to strain a point in financial co-operation.

Neither they nor the Australian representatives should be unduly discouraged by the fact that the present average weekly airmail loading for points beyond Singapore and including the whole of Australia and New Zealand is less than 400 lb., at 1/3 a half ounce. Homeward, the quantity is smaller, for the charge—the key to the problem—is 1/6.

## EMPIRE DIARY

Feb. 18-Mar. 1—British Industries Fair, Olympia.

Imperial Institute Cinema: Empire Film Displays.

Feb. 18—Dinner by H.M. Government on the occasion of the opening of the British Industries Fair, Mansion House, 8 for 8.30.

Feb. 20—Address on Imperial Trade by The Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, C.H., M.C. (High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia) at the British Empire Club, 12, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1, at 5 p.m. Chairman: The Earl of Stradbroke, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.V.O., C.B.E. Admission free by ticket only.

Feb. 20—House Dinner by the Royal Empire Society, to the Rt. Hon. Lord Strathspey (Chairman of the Sussex Branch of the Society) and Lady Strathspey, to be held at 17, Carlton House Terrace.

Feb. 21—Canadian Group of Women's Guild of Empire, 9, Chesterfield Gardens, W.1, 3.45.

Feb. 21—Mr. R. Murray-Hughes, M.I.M.M., will speak on "Gold Mining in Kenya" at a meeting of the East African Group of the Overseas League at Vernon House, Park Place, St. James Street, at 3.45 p.m.

Feb. 21—Royal Empire Society Lecture by the Empire Social Services Group, at 5 p.m., subject: "Fijian Reaction to Western Contacts." Opener: The Hon. A. W. Seymour, C.M.G. (Colonial Secretary, Fiji). Chairman: Miss Margaret Baxter.

Feb. 26—British Industries Dinner and Ice Pageant, Grosvenor House.

### The Queen at the Fair

The Queen is expected to visit the British Industries Fair at Olympia on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, and the textile and furniture sections at the White City on Wednesday. Her Majesty will probably be accompanied by the Duchess of York when she goes to the White City, and Her Royal Highness will pay her visit there on the morning of Monday, February 18, the opening day of the Fair.

## Smuts and Hertzog

By B. Sachs

SMUTS and Hertzog are the two most important pillars in the South African political structure. That is not to say that they are inanimate. Now and again they regard each other with a suspicious twinkle. They even alter their position occasionally in a manner as to emphasise the parlous state of our whole political edifice. Let us for a moment look into their past in order to hazard a guess as to their future.

Smuts thrills at the mention of the Empire. This is astounding when we consider that he fought stubbornly for three years against the British.

The motivating forces in Smuts' political life are perhaps not so difficult to locate. Paul Kruger's Transvaal was, with all its virtues, backward and agrarian. Its isolation had left it encased in a thick crust of mediaevalism which has not yet been entirely removed.

The Empire has been the heel which has given Smuts his eminent stature in the international arena, and he is very grateful—at times to the point of ecstasy!

### How Hertzog Started

With General Hertzog it is entirely different. His political lineaments will emerge clearly as we trace a certain phase of South Africa's political evolution. The facts are sufficiently well known to permit of generalisation.

The Boer War resulted in an outright victory for the British, and it was but inevitable that they should assume the rôle of top-dog. Kitchener and Roberts had crushed all the spirit out of the Boers and they took their position of inferiority as natural but extremely irritating.

It was along these lines that Hertzog left the Botha Cabinet, that is to win back on the political field for the Dutch what had been lost on the field of battle—a good illustration of Clausewitz's maxim on war and politics reversed. The movement spread like a veld-fire.

The Dutch were galvanised by a craving for independence, spiritual, cultural and economic. The election of 1924 compensated the relief of Ladysmith, the 1929 election more than made up for the relief of Mafeking. Everything was set for a victorious climax, when suddenly the drums began to beat ominously. A new "motif" appeared in the South African political symphony.

The year 1929 was the year of the famous Wall Street crash. Its reverberations could be felt throughout the length and breadth of the planet.

The tidal wave also swept to the shores of distant Africa, and at the Germiston by-election the National-





(By courtesy of the West India Committee)

A glimpse of the delightful coastal scenery on the north side of Jamaica, where the Duke of Gloucester is shortly due for a short stay.

ist Party tried to plug the leak with Schlosberg, but the Afrikaner dyke would not hold. Soon Tielman Roos left the Bench, and the Nationalists stampeded for safety, the Cabinet Ministers running mostly in one direction.

Yes, Germiston is not only an important railway junction, but it was also an important political junction. In fact, if Roos had left the Bench some weeks before the Germiston by-election instead of some weeks after, it is quite possible that Hertzog instead of Roos would have been annoyed at the manner in which £25,000 was being spent on a house for the Premier.

Hertzog's motives in proclaiming Fusion as his ideal have been questioned—and this with some justification. Without desiring to cast aspersions, it can be said that he was as sincere as it is possible for some politicians to be.

#### Despair of Afrikanerdom

The Gold Standard crisis had staggered the Nationalist Government. Ideals and aspirations began to crumble before the realities of economic distress and poverty. With a faltering voice, Hertzog laments: "Already in 1930 there was dissension and rot in the Nationalist Party. There was a treachery in our midst." And one needs not to be an oracle to state that Hertzog, in suddenly espousing Fusion and national unity, was actuated as much by his despair of the cause of Afrikanerdom as by genuine sentiment.

If he had seen the Pauline light on the road to, and not from Germiston, there might have been room left for doubt. The Malanites are right in dubbing Hertzog and company the "Moeg Kommando," but they must also concede that the road to final Afrikaner victory "wound uphill all the way to the very end."

The main weakness of Fusion is not, however, Hertzog's personality, but its general weakness of structure that must be evident to all who wish to see it. It would be nothing short of mental cowardice to shut our eyes to the patchwork in the Fusion scheme.

(To be continued).

## Royal Reunion at Jamaica?

THERE is a strong rumour that the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke and Duchess of Kent may meet at Jamaica, where the Duke of Gloucester is expected to arrive next Tuesday week. The honeymooners are heading in the same direction and everything indicates that the Royal tours will join at this beauty spot in the Caribbean Sea.

The Duke of Gloucester, I learn from the West India Committee, will stay at King's House, Kingston, until February 28, and will spend the remainder of his fortnight's stay at Shaw Park, Ocho Tios.

His Royal Highness will be met on the pier at Kingston by the Governor and the Bishop of Jamaica, the Chief Justice, the Puisne Judges, members of the Councils, and by the Custodes of Kingston, all of whom will be presented to him. A procession will then march to the war memorial, where the Duke will place a wreath. Afterwards, there will be a civic welcome.

Kingston has been specially cleaned up and repainted for the Royal visit, and the entire population of the capital of the largest isle in the British West Indies will endeavour to get a glimpse of the Duke, for although intensely insular, Jamaica is loyal to the backbone.

The island has had its ups and downs of recent years, and is now gradually getting the better of the trade depression. Figures for 1934 are, naturally, not yet available, but they are expected to make a better showing than in 1933 when, to take one example, storms so ravaged the banana crop that only 10,557,859 stems were exported against 20,860,613 the previous year.

I understand that the Rum Pool, established in 1932, is now operating with considerable success, and the exports are going up. Stocks held are still vast—at the beginning of last year they amounted to 1,785,841 gallons—and production is negligible, but the increased advertising and publicity campaign given to

Jamaica rum in England in the last year or two is now showing its worth, and it is forecasted that the 1934 figures will show a considerable decrease in stocks.

Although the cost of living in the Island is still very high (the index figure for 1933 works out at an average of 143), it is slowly decreasing, and considering the amenities Jamaica has to offer, residence there is not a bad investment, despite the tropical climate.

In any case, members of the Royal family are likely to enjoy their brief holiday; if not, the Islanders will be bitterly disappointed.

## World Waits for the Jubilee

ON Tuesday last, the complete programme for Jubilee Week, commencing Monday, May 6, was announced by the Home Office. It says much for the importance the whole world attaches to the event that the Press of practically every country gave prominence to the plans.

This means that the influx of visitors is likely to be even higher than originally anticipated, and I am credibly informed that several first-class hotels are among those insuring at Lloyd's—premiums ranging from ten per cent.—against cancellation of the Jubilee Celebrations from any cause whatever.

There is one dark spot on an otherwise bright horizon, and that concerns the public holiday which has been declared for Accession Day—May 6.

The Government, in announcing the official holiday, expressed the hope that employers of labour would follow the Government example in paying full wages for the holiday.

Already some of the bigger industries—engineering, for instance—have indicated that this is not possible, and the Socialist element is, quite naturally, making capital out of the whole embarrassing situation.

It certainly seems that the Government would have been well advised to make careful inquiries before morally committing employers, already overburdened by taxation, to what, in the case of the larger industries, will be very considerable expense. Employers quite justly comment that as it is, they will have to pay for the holiday granted to Government employees.

It is, in any case, an unfortunate and ill-timed state of affairs—just one other example of Westminster muddle—but it is believed and hoped that every employer will fall in line with what would undoubtedly be His Majesty's wishes and see that none of the work-people suffer.

A little more tact on the part of the Government in making preliminary inquiries and suggestions and this would, without doubt, have been accomplished without argument.

## Papua's Potentialities

By G. W. Guttridge, non-official member of Papua Legislative Council

THAT part of New Guinea, the second largest island in the world, formerly known as British New Guinea, and now called Papua, lies wholly within the Tropics, and is separated from Australia by the Torres Straits.

Quite recently Papua celebrated its fiftieth year under British rule, but I sometimes wonder to what extent people in Great Britain realise the great possibilities of tropical agriculture in Papua and the share which it should be contributing to British Empire economy.



The Luxuriant Sugar-Cane

It is neither my purpose nor my need to ally myself with those who demand a self-contained British Empire, nor with those who contend that we must give the foreign exporter a share of markets in the British Empire if we are to increase our exports to foreign markets.

I do strongly contend, however, that it is high time that Papua should be "put on the map" of the British Empire, that it should show as a bright red and not as an anæmic patch! And if there is one commodity, far exceeding any other, that can put it there it is sugar.

"SUGAR!" "But surely," I can imagine some of my readers saying, "it is futile to talk of grow-

ing another acre of sugar-cane in a world which has produced millions of tons more sugar than it can consume, at a time when the world price of raw sugar is about as low as it has ever been over forty or fifty years, a price that is generally well below the cost of production?"

It is not possible within the limits of this article to put forward the pros and cons of sugar production in Papua. But Papua's answer to the suggestion of futility is a most emphatic "No."

And surely not without reason when, even at the present low world-price, Papua could deliver raw sugar to Great Britain and make a profit of approximately £3 a ton!

The obvious question that suggests itself is "What is holding up the production of sugar in Papua?" And the equally obvious answer is "Lack of capital due to the world sugar position."

The question of sugar production in Papua can be, and should be, looked into totally irrespective of the present and future world sugar position.

Less than half of the sugar consumed in the U.K. is supplied by the British Empire, and the producers of all of it are entirely dependent on preferences and a heavy subsidy granted by the British Government.

It is suggested, as one of the difficulties in finding capital for sugar in Papua, that a possible change in Government might result in the sweeping away of preferences.

But even if the people of Great Britain acquiesced in putting our sugar-producing Colonies and Dominions practically out of the sugar business, Papua's position would still be good.

It can produce sugar in competition with any foreign sugar. And with the reduced world supply it could make a substantial profit without a preference. But who believes that any future British Government will cease to encourage the production of sugar within the British Colonies and Dominions?

Again, another fear: attempts are still being made on behalf of foreign sugar-producers to effect restriction of output, and so secure to them an economic price. So much the better for Papua, for the possibility of the British Government or Dominion Governments lending themselves to any scheme of restriction is surely most remote.

I am in a position, of course, to go into much more detail than is possible in an article such as this, but if I say no more than that expert opinion on sugar-production in Papua is to the effect that the economic minimum limit calls for a mill capacity of 30,000 tons of raw sugar annually, I shall have indicated the return that is to be obtained on a capital of about £400,000 with a profit of only £3 a ton.

Incidentally, the cost of such a mill would mean employment for about one thousand people for one year in Great Britain.

## This Vancouver Business

By G. Dalap Stevenson

VANCOUVER has been threatening to cut down the interest on its bonds by 50 per cent., British bondholders protested vigorously while the Government of British Columbia also pronounced its disapproval. Behind the immediate discussion there are two facts which stand out. One is that Canada now looks to the London rather than the New York money market, and the other is the danger of the proposed Anglo-Russian timber agreement to the already weak finances of British Columbia.

A few months ago Canada successfully floated a big loan in London.



Between ten and twenty million stems of bananas leave Jamaica every year. This is one of them.

It was her first since pre-war days and marked the end of the ascendancy of Wall Street in Canadian finance.

England is at present a better place for Canadians to borrow from than the United States, but this financial fact has also an important political side, for "where a man's treasure is, there shall his heart be also," and every loan draws the Mother Country closer to the Dominion.

It also means that Canada will do everything to maintain her credit in London and, therefore, if it comes to a crisis at Vancouver it is possible that the Dominion Government itself may intervene.

There is, in fact, a pretty widespread demand for the Dominion Government to help the municipalities. Concrete proposals have been put forward for the Dominion to take over a far greater proportion of the expenses and debts caused by unemployment relief, a large part of which at present falls on the municipalities. The Mayor of Montreal is a leader of



the movement, and a conference of the Mayors of Western Canada passed a resolution in the same sense.

The desire to reduce interest is by no means confined to Vancouver. The Western Mayors would like the Dominion to undertake refunding operations to bring all municipal debts down to 3 per cent. In Ontario the provincial Premier is putting no obstacles in the way of municipal interest reduction. The Province of Quebec has just launched an altogether legitimate refunding loan, to bring interest to the low record of under 2½ per cent. British Columbia, though it strongly disapproves of Vancouver's talk of arbitrary cuts and like Quebec would only act according to strict legality, is nevertheless anxious to reduce its heavy debt burden at the first opportunity.

Though responsible men are determined to keep Canada on the straight and narrow path of sound finance, unorthodox theories have had a certain amount of influence, especially in the West. It is very natural that hard-hit primary producers, who carry heavy debt burdens, should be attracted by ideas of unorthodox finance. In British Columbia, of course, the timber trade is a very important factor, and if British investors want their interest from Vancouver, they cannot be unconcerned about the proposed arrangement to increase imports from Russia.

## The French King of New Zealand

By Francis Gribble

HOW many people know that a French theological student—an ordinand, though never ordained, of the Church of England—was once, for a brief space, a King of New Zealand? It is true, however, and it is opportune to recall the story now that the New Zealanders are celebrating the 95th anniversary of the incorporation of their country in the Empire.

Charles de Thierry was the adventurer's name. He claimed to be, and quite possibly was, the natural son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X; but his putative father was a valet in the service of Louis XVI. He fled to England, at the beginning of the Revolution, and remained in England throughout the Napoleonic wars. How he earned his living here, if he did earn it, nobody knows; but he had, for a little while, towards the end of the time, a commission in the dragoons, resigned it to accept a minor post in the French diplomatic service, and then quitted "the career" in order to marry an English clergyman's daughter and study theology with a view to taking orders.

But he was never ordained. His father-in-law introduced him to a missionary named Kendall, who had just arrived from New Zealand, accompanied by two Maori chiefs named Shonghi and Waikoto. These Maoris wanted money.



Charles de Thierry

Kendall suggested that Thierry should buy their country from them. Thierry thought the idea a good one. So the bargain was struck, and he acquired—or supposed that he had acquired—absolute sovereign rights over practically the whole of the Northern Island, for the sum of about £800.

He informed the British Government of the transaction and was informed by Lord Bathurst that, as New Zealand was not a British possession, he could neither support his claim nor interfere with it.

### Defrauded by his Partner

He wanted support, however—more particularly financial support. As he could not get it in England, he went to France to seek it, and opened a shop in Paris in the hope of earning enough money to defray the

### Imperial Opinions

"We firmly believe in the imperative need for a continuance of 'the Englishman's rule' in Sind for many years to come."—*Hindu Panchayats of Sind in address to Governor of Bombay Presidency.*

"In future our nationalism will more and more be hammered into shape by the forces of the world at large."—*General Smuts.*

"Whether the Union will take part in a war in which Great Britain may be involved is a question to be decided by the people of the Union, speaking through the Government and Parliament, the moment they are faced with this question."—*General Hertzog.*

"We are leaving for England resolved to do everything possible to convince Great Britain that Australia must receive an expanding share of British markets. Any attempt to curtail our exports must be resisted strenuously."—*Mr. Lyons, Australian Prime Minister.*

cost of the expedition which he contemplated. He did earn what he needed; but, unfortunately, he had a partner, and the partner, being a dishonest man, decamped to America, taking with him all the funds raised by the sale of the business.

Thierry pursued him to America but, failing to overtake him, proceeded first to Martinique and then to Guadeloupe, where he tried to acquire yet another fortune as a pianist and piano-tuner. A concert which he gave in Guadeloupe brought him £16. A merchant whom he succeeded in interesting in his adventure lent him £480.

He supplemented these gains as a company promoter, floating a company for the construction of a canal connecting the rivers Chagres and Rio Grande, and so, at last, on May 29, 1835, he set out from Jamaica for the South Seas, accompanied by his wife and five children, and eventually, after a sojourn of two years at Tahiti, reached Sydney, where he persuaded fifty other adventurers to accompany him to his kingdom, as his subjects.

Very likely he would have made a good king, if circumstances had favoured him. His ideals were lofty, as we gather from a letter in which he expounded them to his sister, the Vicomtesse de Frotte-Cardoy.

"I have engaged," he told her, "a professor to give my sons a classical education; and he will be authorised to receive as pupils the sons of any of the principal inhabitants who wish them to enjoy the same advantages. A lady will be charged with the education of my daughters and those of such notable persons as accompany me. She, too, will be allowed to receive as pupils the daughters of any notable natives who like to entrust them to her. In these two colleges the sons and daughters of the Maori chiefs will be given free clothing and a good English education."

Unhappily, however, these ideals were not destined to be realised. Two obstacles intervened. In the first place Thierry discovered that the purchase of his kingdom had never been completed, his missionary friend, Mr. Kendall, having kept the money instead of handing it to Shonghi and Waikoto, so that he had to buy another estate before he was allowed to establish himself.

In the second place, the British Government, suspicious of French designs, sent a ship of war to hoist the British flag and dispossess him; and he could only ask that, as his kingdom was to be taken from him, he might at least be given a contract for the supply of timber.

Whether he obtained that contract or not is uncertain, nor does any one seem to know what became of him, or how or when or where he died. Perhaps this article may meet the eye of some descendant of one or other of his five children who may be able and willing to supply the information.



## LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

**Air Mail arrivals.**—Mr. G. W. Craddock and Mr. P. C. H. Boswell, from Entebbe; Mr. Lawrence and Capt. N. A. Hodgkinson, from Khartoum.

**East Africa.**—Mr. and Mrs. Dulier, Messrs. Laoureux and de Schryver, Mrs. Tillemann, Rev. Father Verifut, Rev. Father van Oorschot, Mrs. Michel, Major J. J. Drought, Mr. Luigi Vergnano, Mr. and Mrs. Le Petit, N. V. Webber, of Nairobi, c/o S. P. Hayward, 3, Elm Court, Temple, E.C.4; Robert O. Barnes, Carlton House, New Milton, Hants.

**Southern Rhodesia.**—Sir Cecil and Lady Rodwell, Mr. F. C. Bellamy, Miss J. M. Brandon, Mr. F. G. Smith, Mr. H. B. Maufe, Salisbury; Mrs. F. E. Calder and Mr. A. C. Harvey, Gatooma; Mr. M. E. Godwin, Bulawayo.

**Australia.**—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macphail, of Leura, N.S.W.; Mr. Leslie Bradford, manager of the Newcastle (N.S.W.) steel works, with his wife and family; Dr. R. J. Whiteman, a Sydney surgeon, with his wife and child; Mr. A. E. White-law, a prominent Anglo-Australian merchant; Mr. W. Dick, of the Melbourne Steamship Company; Mr. Everard Darlot, a West Australian pastoralist, with Mrs. Darlot; Mrs. Atkinson Wood, of Metung, Victoria; and Mrs. W. H. Lempriere, of Melbourne.

**New Zealand.**—Auckland: Mr. G. O'Halloran, Mrs. A. Braithwaite, Misses E. M. and F. J. Taylor, Mr. R. R. M. Davy, Mrs. F. M. Ringer, Miss Dora J. Spence, Mrs. L.

Napier, Miss Lilian E. Clark, Mrs. F. and Miss G. Swears, Wellington; Mr. L. D. Austin, Mr. F. E. Camps, Miss Lilian M. Mitchell, Mr. Graham Crossley, Mr. J. E. Nathan, Mr. K. Kinniburgh. Christchurch: Miss N. C. McCullough, Mr. M. A. Byford, Mrs. Stanley Dalton, Miss Daisy E. Scott, Mr. T. S. Reddell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Edmonds, Dunedin; Mrs. A. Leslie Shield, Mr. R. T. Simpson, Mrs. L. and Mr. A. C. Notman, Professor and Mrs. F. Gordon Bell, Mr. C. Kirkley, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Miss D.H. and Master J. E. Moore (Hastings); Miss Ida Lysons, Dr. and Mrs. Claude A. Taylor (New Plymouth); Mr. George Young (Foxton); Mrs. L. M. and Miss M. Bell, Mrs. George Darbyshire (Wanganui); Miss M. Cooper (Ashburton); Miss M. Ray (Rotorua); Mr. J. L. and Mr. W. A. Hutchings (Murchison); Rev. J. C. A. Zimmermann (Palmerston N.); Dr. and Mrs. R. Burns Watson (Invercargill); Miss M. Sargeson (Hamilton); Mr. and Mrs. H. R. and Mr. H. J. Young (Westport); Miss D. E. Hayes (Matamata); Dr. and Mrs. A. L. and Mr. H. G. Singer, Miss V. O. Cox (Gisborne); Mr. A. H. Hely, Major W. F. Narbey.

**Canada.**—Charles Wurtelo, of Goderich, Ontario, Savoy Hotel; Alex. Goldberg, wine merchant, Montreal, Cumberland Hotel; N. F. Blair, of Price Bros. Co., Quebec, Piccadilly Hotel; G. R. Boase, agent, Imperial Life Association, is on a visit to Addiscombe; N. Musgrove, manufacturers' agent, Vancouver, and Mrs. Musgrove, Regent Palace Hotel; W. G. Stobo, Canadian Import Co., Quebec, is in London (Address c/o

Amalgamated Anthracite Co.); Lt.-Col. J. P. Fell, O.B.E., Reserve of Officers, 11th Division, Canadian Engineers, 34, Dover Street; S. C. Beadle, of J. Hungerford Smith & Co., manufacturers of soda fountains, Toronto, Piccadilly Hotel; Harry Aird, manager, Canadian Import Co., Montreal, and Mayor of Montreal West, Cumberland Hotel; Senator Lorne C. Webster, president, Holt Renfrew & Co., Ltd., furriers, Montreal, is also in London (Address c/o Empire Parliamentary Association). Harry Aird, Montreal, C. A. Andreux, Halifax; Adrian E. W. Anglin, Toronto; Allan Bartram, Ottawa; Bertha Bartram, Ottawa; S. C. Beadle, Toronto; Mrs. D. E. Black, Calgary; E. A. Black, Toronto; Frances M. Black, Calgary; N. F. and Mrs. Blair, Quebec; R. Cowie, Toronto; Doris A. Dand and Harold J. Dand, Bridgetown, N.S.; Yvonne Doria de Bretigny, Victoria; Geoffrey Digby, Winnipeg; Rosalind Dilworth, Toronto; Lieut.-Col. A. Farmstead, Montreal; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. T. F. Fell, Vancouver; Dr. G. B. Ferguson, Wadena; Alex. Goldberg, Montreal; H. B. Dinnington Grubb, Toronto; Mrs. S. A. Hannah, Montreal; Dorothy A. Heneker, Montreal; Leonard Godfrey Masson, Toronto; Jack Masterman, Minden; Mrs. S. Masterman, Minden; Elizabeth Meech, Toronto; Frank E. Moon, Winnipeg; Jean and Virginia Park, Chatham; Roy and Mrs. Park, Chatham; R. E. Parkes, Montreal; Mrs. W. B. A. Ritchie, Halifax; Miss A. Schafrau, Montreal; G. G. Serkau, Montreal; J. W. Shaw, Nova Scotia; F. Stephen and Mrs. Stratton, Winnipeg.

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### PERSONAL

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# Pepper Inquiry Wanted

(By Our City Editor)

**Q**UITE enough has come to light about the pepper ramp to convince the City that it would be a good thing to have the whole matter thrashed out. A "clean-up" in the American style is not usually popular in the City, but this gamble in pepper is obviously sufficiently serious to warrant an exception being made to the general rule. The Pepper Pool accumulated in a comparatively short space of time stocks of 21,000 tons compared with the normal London figure of rather over 2,000 tons and raised the price of white pepper from 7½d. to 1s. 5d. per lb. It could never have been imagined that such stocks could be liquidated at highly remunerative prices and it was inevitable that someone should eventually be left to "hold the baby."

The names which have been published in this connection are those of James and Shakspeare Ltd., and Mr. G. Bishirgian, a director of that

company, and those of the two highly reputable firms of brokers, Messrs. Rolls and Adair, who bought on behalf of the pool and who have been forced to default. A petition for the winding-up of James and Shakspeare Ltd., brings up another side of the question. Less than six months ago this concern was converted into a public company and made an issue of capital as an old-established firm mainly engaged in metal-broking. Shareholders will no doubt wish to know when the company first became involved in shellac and pepper speculation and why resignations from the Board of directors occurred without any public explanation. The company's shares are, of course, now only a nominal market. In addition to the firms mentioned, many other brokers in Mincing Lane are involved for lesser sums and have only been tided over by the extension of banking accommodation. In the first place, banking accommodation must have been granted to enable the speculative position to be built up and this would seem, to say the least of it, unfortunate. But above all, the City would like to know who were the constituents of the Pepper Pool. Various names have been mentioned—some denials have been issued—but the sooner the matter is brought into the open the better for the City's good name.

## Gilt-Edged and Politics

It has evidently taken the Gilt-Edged Market some time to realise that all is not well in the political world. Surprisingly enough, the result of the Wavertree by-election had little effect on Stock Markets and it required the additional weight of the "dole" mix-up to bring about realisations which might have been expected last week. Gilt-Edged stocks still appear remarkably dear with War loan at 106 yielding only £3 6s. 3d. per cent. and 2½ per cent. Consols at 89 returning only £2 16s. per cent. The most attractive under par stock appears to be the new Australia 3½ per cent. which can be bought at 99 to return well over 3½ per cent. either flat or to redemption in 1956. For a while the semi-official ban on Corporation loans is likely to continue inasmuch as the market is still suffering from indigestion following on the large proportions of the Australia, L.C.C., Ilford, and Hull loans which it was called upon to swallow at prices which made them decidedly rich eating. But there is no sign that the "cheap money" policy is to be in the slightest degree amended and the gilt-edged boom seems likely to be broken, as it was largely built up, by political influences.

## NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

LIMITED

ESTABLISHED IN 1833

Paid-up Capital	- - - -	£9,479,416
Reserve Fund	- - - -	8,000,000
Deposits, etc. (Dec. 1934)	-	298,247,729

Chairman: Colin F. Campbell

Deputy Chairmen:

Francis Alexander Johnston  
Sir Alfred E. Lewis, K.B.E.

Chief General Manager: Ernest Cornwall

Joint General Managers:

F. Waller W. Hadwick R. Norman Smith  
L. W. Stead

All Classes of Banking Business transacted

Head Office: 15, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

1,350 Offices

Agents Everywhere

Affiliated Banks:

COUTTS & CO.

GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

## NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £48,845,000

Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street